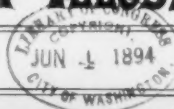


ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, JUNE 2, 1894.

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(From the picture by M. BROUILLET.)

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PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 521 West 13th Street, New York.

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We don't want short stories. All correspondents who send us short stories or poems will be expected to keep copies thereof. We cannot be responsible for their return.

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The publisher will keep the advertising columns free from all objectionable advertisements as far as possible and will not guarantee anything which may appear as paid advertising matter.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1894.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

EVERYBODY believes in Home Rule in principle. But some people think it should be applied only in their own cases.

THE thirteen original colonies believed in it, and went to war with the Mother Country to maintain it. Of all people, therefore, one would think Americans ought to sympathize most heartily with other people struggling for the same principle. And, as a rule, Americans do sympathize with the Irish aspiration for Home Rule. But there is a small minority of "true Americans" whose hearts and purses are always open to the strugglers of all countries—except Ireland.

It is a curious, but no less a hard fact, that some of these anti-Irish Americans unfortunately belong to our upper, higher, more intellectual and more influential classes. Early prejudices have something to do with it, but in most cases it is the effect of aristocratic *entourage*. Your American is—let it be confessed with shame—an inveterate tuft-hunter. He dearly loves to bask in the sunshine of titled society in London. In fact, he dearly loves a lord, and is quite willing to sit down savagely on some of his own native principles in exchange for the luxury of noble tolerance.

ONE of the most remarkable instances of this species of hybrid Americanism is the London correspondent of one of the most stately and respectable of our New York journals. The son-in-law of one of the most intrepid and sincere of American reformers and patriots—schooled for some time in the institution founded by Horace Greeley—one would have expected unusual liberality from G. W. S. But not so. G. W. S. is, perhaps, one of the bitterest and most unscrupulous of the foes to the Irish party struggling to secure the boon of Home Rule for their country. Every week, in every letter, he echoes the worst prejudices of his English *entourage*. No thrust is too mean to make against the poor Irish. All their faults—and they have many—are magnified; all their virtues are belittled; their motives are misrepresented, and their aspirations for self-government are turned into ridicule. Now such tactics are, perhaps, fair enough in mere partisan politics; they are excusable as electioneering tricks during political campaigns; but they should have no place where there is question of such a great principle as Home Rule, which lies at the very root of all patriotic movements everywhere in this enlightened age. From Englishmen who have never traveled or read much—from Englishmen reared in prejudice or swayed only by partisan interests or by territorial greed, one expects occasionally to hear the old ignorant cries against Irish Home Rule; but from an American they come with very bad grace, indeed. Were glorious Wendell Phillips, the eulogizer of Daniel O'Connell, still in the flesh, the weekly letters of his degenerate son-in-law would cause him exquisite agony.

How is it that the *Tribune*, which has always displayed such a friendly interest in the cause of Ireland,

permits its correspondent to systematically abuse, misrepresent and ridicule the movement and movers in behalf of Home Rule? Surely the desire to stand well with the Tory aristocratic society cannot influence the *Tribune's* editor and proprietor in permitting this continual outrage. Mr. Reid was thought great enough, and especially American enough, to be nominated by his party for the second highest place of honor in the gift of the American people. He was as earnest as the late James G. Blaine himself in championing one notable Home Ruler during the last Presidential campaign. Has he one kind of Americanism for election times and another for the intervals between? But whatever the reason, Mr. Reid, if you desire to stand well with your Irish-American supporters, no time should be lost in choking off Mr. Smalley's anti-Irish and anti-American epistles. The country has had a surfeit of them. Let G. W. S. change the subject, and keep his prejudices exclusively for the exclusive aristocratic Tory sets.

WITHIN the week the always just and seemly services of Memorial Day have been observed. The occasion should not be passed over without reminding all readers of ONCE A WEEK how much the American Union has cost those who, perhaps, love that Union more than any other class of our population. There are so many homes in the United States in which the picture of the soldier-boy or the soldier-father occupies the place of honor that I know there must be a sacredness about Memorial Day that is much more widely felt than we are apt to suppose, after the lapse of thirty years. I often see an empty sleeve at the pension office window—a pathetic human wreck old before his time, an old veteran whose life has been a failure since he came home from the war—and the feeling is only natural that, perhaps, we talk too strictly about "worthy pensioners." Memorial Day each year is a poor time to talk "pension reform"; but I am afraid that that reform takes on a more and more formidable aspect during the following twelve months, until the day those graves are visited again.

It is often said that we are, as a people, growing lukewarm toward the survivors of the Civil War. I am sure that many of our present population take little, if any, interest in Memorial Day; but there is not a State or Territory of the Union in which the stern reality of bereavement, the natural ties of kindred, and the inborn love of one's own country redeemed in blood do not bring the memory of the day home to the great masses of the people. Many of our newly-acquired population may not feel the prevailing sentiment of Memorial Day any more than they appreciate the meaning of the Fourth of July. But this is something, I think, we had better attend to. The descendants, at least, of these newcomers can be brought to see all these things as the descendants of the earlier immigrants and the earlier immigrants themselves were brought to see them.

THE tremendous cost of the American Union, as it is, is emphasized by the commemorative services of the past week. Was it worth it all? Have the people taken good care of what the soldiers died to preserve? We are one country; we enjoy all the freedom that is good for any people. But, after the Civil War, the people got a re-united country, and, with it, a measure of prosperity and an expansion of material greatness never before enjoyed in this or any other country. The nation also had the benefit of a wise, practical statesmanship that healed the wounds of fratricidal conflict. This healing was accompanied by the expansion of domestic commerce and manufactures, and succeeded by an expansion still greater, that grew into the South with the wiping out of sectional lines, and into the West and great Interior with the tide of immigration, the opening up of new lands, and the building of new cities and magnificent railroads.

WHERE is all this now? It is here, and more has been added to it! What, then, causes the distress? Now, wait! I do not pretend to tell you all about that. It would take up too much space, and you have heard a great deal about it already. But let us take a general view. Population has increased; and, they say, population is wealth. All I propose to say about this is: That depends on how the population is distributed. There are too many of our present population working for wages and paying rent, and not enough of them working for themselves and living in their own houses. I hope the American people will look this fact in the face.

ALSO this one. You will remember we had an enormous national debt after the Civil War. Up to date we have almost wiped it out. Our statesmen—and many others who ought to know better—are proud of that fact every time they get a chance to speak in public. Does that statement shock the gentle reader? Do I mean to say that the national debt should never have been paid up? Yes, sir or madam, I do. And you are respectfully invited to grasp the following points in connection with the subject. But let bygones be bygones. We will not discuss the things that might have been. Let us take a practical illustration of the present day, a plan that statesmanship of to-day may carry out in the immediate

future. Suppose the United States issued securities to the amount of one hundred million dollars, upon which three per cent interest would be paid forever—the principal being not payable at all by the Government. Suppose a capitalist takes one hundred thousand dollars of these securities. His income is three thousand dollars a year from this source. If he wishes to realize on the principal he can transfer to another who wants the interest and does not want idle money around him. Of course, you know that France, in the Rentes, and England, in the Consols, have Government securities of this nature. You are aware, also, that they are two of the wealthiest nations in the world. I drop these thoughts for you to examine. Why cannot the United States issue such bonds and use the money to build a few more cruisers, for example?

BUT I have not told you why the Government made a blunder by paying off the national debt up to date. Here are some reasons why: Because there was no need of it. You remember how quickly the moneyed classes snapped up the new refunding bonds at a lower rate of interest? Then, again, by paying off the national debt the United States Government placed itself at the mercy of the money-manipulators of the world. But the most important point is that this country more urgently needed and could make better use of the money thus paid back than any other country in the world. Anyhow, it is giving reason enough—is it not?—if I say that what the wealthiest country in the world—England—did not do with her national debt it was a blunder for us to try to do.

It is, no doubt, hard to believe that a government can pay its debt and not pay it, at the same time. But figures, especially the figures of finance, never lie—except in this miraculous way. You remember the thrifty Teuton who wanted his money at the bank until he was told he could have it, when he, all at once, was afraid he would lose some of the interest and did not want the principal at all? It is the same the world over. Nobody wants money! Everybody wants to make money. Thousands of men are now looking for work, and spending money trying to get it, and while they are waiting for it—these good, honest men would rather have work than money. The reason for this is, nobody can keep money and save it. It must earn something, like the rest of us, or eat up its own substance.

THIS Government might now issue one hundred million dollars of three per cent annuities and use the money in a great national scheme of home colonization. Immigration has upset the equilibrium of this country, as to population. The Government must remedy the evil by re-arranging the cities, towns, hamlets, villages and farming communities. Why should not the Government assist in the re-adjustment of this disordered and tangled state of affairs? There are tens of thousands of good men, with and without families, who will seek the independence of a home, if they have a chance. But they will not go alone into the wilderness. They need not go that way. If the untutored and dangerous foreigners can come here in colonies, hire out in colonies, and settle down in colonies (assisted thereto by the foreign countries interested in getting them out of the way and settled in these States), why, in the name of—but let us be cool—why cannot the United States Government colonize her own native-born and naturalized citizens within her own borders? There is no reason whatever against it. If ever one hundred million dollars was expended, at an annual cost of three million dollars, for a better purpose than this—when, where, and for what purpose was the expenditure made?

THESE remarks on the social and industrial question that now confronts us are somewhat out of the beaten path. Would it be asking too much to request our subscribers in every State and Territory of the Union to let us hear what they think of the scheme and argument in general?

How odd the following remedy for insomnia, taken from *Boorde's Bureau of Health* (1594), sounds in these days of empiricism in almost every matter that concerns mankind:

To bedward be ye merry, or have merry company about you, so that, to bedward, no anger nor heaviness, sorrow nor pensiveness do trouble or disquiet you. To bedward and also in the morning, have a fire in your chamber, to waste and consume the evil vapours within the chamber, for the breath of man may putrify the air within the chamber.

In the night, let the windows of your house, specially of your chamber, be closed; when you be in your bed, lie a little while on your left side, and sleep on your right side.

And when you do wake of your first sleep, then sleep on the left side; and, look, so often as you do awake, so often turn yourself in the bed from one side to the other.

To sleep on the back upright is utterly to be abhorred. When that you do sleep, let not your neck, neither your shoulders, neither your hands, nor feet, nor no other place of your body, lie bare undiscovers. Sleep not with an empty stomach, nor sleep not after that you have eaten meat, one hour or two after.

SOME Canadians solve the annexation problem in a practical way highly satisfactory to themselves as individuals. Witness Mr. George L. Johnston, son of Mr. James Johnston of South London, Ontario, Canada, who has just walked off with the prize of the year at Prince-

ton Theological College. For his thesis on one of the Books of the Old Testament Mr. Johnston was awarded the Fellowship of six hundred dollars in gold, with the option of one year's study at the leading German theological universities. What's the matter with our American boys that they don't look more sharply to their laurels?

THE 24th of May being the birthday of Queen Victoria, was observed over the border as a public holiday. In every city of the Dominion special celebrations were in order. Excursions by land and water, picnics, military reviews, and, in the evening, displays of fireworks, marked the anniversary as a day of general rejoicing. To the youthful Canadian this is a day of days. He is abroad in the small hours of the morning, his pockets well stuffed with fire-crackers and matches, and you can trust him to make things lively for passers-by on the street until a late hour at night. There are not, as a rule, more than half-a-dozen or so of accidents to fingers and faces in any one place during the day, not to mention the inevitable fires started by the inexperienced pyrotechnists; but the small boy is superior to trifles of this nature, and when darkness closes round and his store of explosives has finally given out, he will tell you, with pride not unmingled with regret, how "bully" it all was.

AN EXCEPTION.
Twas firmly built upon a rock
Quite well up Harlem way;
But when they wanted room for flats
That shanty didn't stay.

It was the Queen's birthday, May 24, 1894. Rear-Admiral Erben, Captain Mahan and the officers of the cruiser *Chicago* were entertained at a grand official dinner in London. Lord George Hamilton was the presiding officer, and all the toasts were proposed by him. Our Ambassador, Bayard, spoke, and all the rest of the distinguished company applauded generously. Brother Jonathan—"God Save the Queen"—was the guest of the occasion.

The London *Times*, next morning, said, editorially, that England would have to face the prospect of a "sea power" on this side of the Atlantic equal to her own. The *Chronicle* thought that the scheme of imperial federation should include the United States. The Thunderer's kind encouragement of our little navy will have to be repeated again next Queen's Birthday before it begins to take hold. The *Chronicle* must mean that when the nuptials of Miss Canada and Brother Jonathan are celebrated John Bull, the sensible father-in-law, will settle down with the young folks, bringing his British Empire strong-box with him, as part of the family assets—and liabilities. As a matter of fact, the old gentleman is in very bad company where he is. I must congratulate the *Chronicle* on its prevision of the inevitable, and its excellent taste in the choice of company.

ON the heels of these pleasant paragraphs I am compelled to record an untoward incident. Some soldiers, out for a time, in St. Thomas, Ontario, hauled the Stars and Stripes down from the American Consulate. It is not likely to grow into anything more serious than a little scolding courtship across the border. Then the sure-to-be wedded pair will be more attached than ever.

MR. THOS. NAST, the distinguished artist, whose clever caricatures have often appeared in the columns of ONCE A WEEK, has accepted a very lucrative position on Mr. Astor's *Pall Mall Gazette*. It is understood that he is to concentrate his powers of caricature upon British politics and politicians. Nast's pencil has great power, and some of his earlier work has never been surpassed.

A FEW years ago a negro somewhere in Philadelphia or New York undertook, bare-armed, to tackle a lot of rats stowed away in a high empty barrel, the inner side of which was well greased to prevent the "vermin" from getting out before they were pulled out dead. It was for a wager, and the darky won, killing the required number, in spite of all the bites and scratches. Now there comes the news from Wolverhampton, England, that a man of that town was "matched against a rat tied to a wooden peg in the middle of a table by a long line, which gave it plenty of play." The man's hands were tied behind his back, and he was obliged to attack the rat with his teeth. This time, also, the man won "fairly and squarely," biting the rat between his teeth until the savage rodent gave up and died. The fight took place at a roadside tavern, and was witnessed by a crowd of sports. Of course, the man was badly punished by the rat before he won, and he may yet die of blood poisoning.

ADMIRAL ERBEN and Captain Mahan are still the lions of the hour in London. Everybody seems disposed to dine and wine the lucky naval twain and all the officers of our good ship *Chicago*. Lord Rosebery gave Erben and Mahan a grand dinner, and our own Ambassador, Thomas F. Bayard, very handsomely entertained them at his home in London, where, around the festive board, many of the great notabilities of England united in doing them honor. Periodically there

are just such outbursts of lavish entertainments to our countrymen by their cousins of "the tight little isle." Why they occur so spasmodically, as it were, "no fellow can understand." Reverdy Johnson, while our representative, was nearly killed with kindness. So was the late Edward Pierpont, of "Lady Mary Montague" memory.

GLADSTONE'S cataract was successfully removed by the English surgeons last week, and though the weak eye has still to be shielded, the Grand Old Man was doing well at last accounts, and had the sympathy of all England. If some skillful political surgeon could only remove the Unionist cataract from the left eye of Liberalism what a blessing it would be for Rosebery, Home Rule, and other such like persons and things!

BY-THE-WAY, talking of Unionist, Burton, the famous English brewer, who was raised to the peerage by Gladstone, has gone to join the noble lords who hitch with Joe Chamberlain and my lord Marquis of Salisbury. They say that when he became a lord he selected, with the assistance of the College of Arms, "Steadiness is the foundation of the virtues" as his motto. How would "Headiness is the foundation of strong beer" do?

THE last names for Governor of New York mentioned include those of ex-Vice-President Morton, Chauncey Depew, William C. Whitney, Flower, William R. Grace, Joseph Choate, and ex-Mayor Grant. Morton would be superb in the Gubernatorial chair. Depew would excel himself as our State Executive, and have all the boys, newspaper and otherwise, with him. Just see what a nice handy thing it would be to have Chauncey in the chair of state at Albany, preparatory to the chair of state at Washington! If not, why not? Chauncey's only obstacle would be his railroad connections, which could be easily severed. Personally, I vote for Depew and Morton—especially Morton, and more particularly Depew. He is our choice—I mean the favorite of newspaperdom—and would send us all abroad as Ministers and Consuls, to say nothing of the Cabinet posts that would fall to Joe Howard, Colonel Cockerill and myself. I want it distinctly understood that I vote also for Grant and Grace, the two Great G's. Jerusalem! how both would run and stick if they got there. But what's the matter with the flowery Flower? Isn't he all right, too?

I ANNOUNCED a few weeks ago that the locust was about to ascend again. Ascend is the word, because they come up out of the earth after several years of scientific sleep or subterranean operation invisible to man's optics. Well, the locusts have come, and may now be seen in several of the States outside the cities. The farmers are in an unnecessary fluster and apprehension. There is said to be little, if any, danger from the species now in evidence. It appears they are not the destructive species. At the same time they form a most interesting subject of study. Their scientific name is *cicada*. According to the Washington authorities, the female is provided with a little boring instrument in one end of the ovipositor. "With this she cuts little furrows in the branches of the trees, and therein lays pearl-white eggs three-sixteenths of an inch long, which hatch out in about six weeks. When the larva appears it at once drops to the ground, and with its fore antennae digs its way into the earth, there to remain at a distance of several feet below the surface, undergoing different stages of its life, and subsisting on the radicles of vegetable growth. When the proper period has elapsed the pupa comes to the surface, usually some time in May or June. It immediately seeks the nearest object, and clinging thereon divests itself of its skin by splitting it up the back, and emerges a creamy-white insect, upon which in the course of an hour colors and wings manifest themselves."

VENUS will be Morning Star and Mercury Evening Star during this month.

THE Antarctic regions have again been visited and extensively explored by Captain Larsen, a Norwegian whaler, who found an open sea, and was able to sail one hundred miles south of the circle no later than last December. The air and sea teemed with animal life. Birds, whales and seal everywhere, and the bold, lofty coast of Graham's Land rising to great heights, and showing peaks from seven to fifteen thousand feet in altitude. Numbers of volcanic islands were also observed. It is probable that the English Government will send a scientific expedition there. Why not our own Government, too? Heaven only knows what a well-equipped expedition might discover in this *terra incognita*. It has been little explored—that is, the land part. What is Colonel Gilder about, and where are the public-spirited men to back the intrepid companion of Schwatka in one Yankee effort to plunge Southward and overland away beyond Larsen's point, or Biscoe's, or Ross's?

A STATISTICIAN has estimated that a man fifty years old has worked 6,500 days, has slept 6,000, has amused himself 4,000, has walked 12,000 miles, has been ill 500 days, has partaken of 36,000 meals, eaten 16,000 pounds

of meat, and 4,000 pounds of fish, eggs and vegetables, and drunk 7,000 gallons of fluid.

It is said that the Trolley disarranges watches. It is the electricity that does it.

"THE MERCHANT OF KILLOGUE."

GILBERT PARKER's superb novel, "Pierre and His People," will be followed by Mr. F. M. Allen's racy Irish novel entitled, "The Merchant of Killogue." It will be a refreshing novelty to follow the fortunes of young Denis O'Reilly and his lady love after so many heroes and heroines of the French, German, Austrian and purely English types to which readers of ONCE A WEEK have been treated for some time. The introduction of Home Rule with the clever description of a genuine Irish election will interest all classes of readers. Look out for No. 10, Vol. XIII.

SALVATION CONGRESS.

THE May Congress of the Salvation Army was opened on the 15th inst., at 12:30 o'clock, by a monster meeting of the "soldiers," held in Carnegie Hall. Commandant Booth gave a suitable address, and the whole assembly joined in singing the most telling hymns of the Army's rather original repertoire. Numerous other meetings were held during the same and following days, and were all well attended. The illustration on page 4 shows the interior of Carnegie Hall at the opening meeting of the Congress.

"GUDGEONS."

at the Empire Theatre, has scored a big success; but its present stay in this city was terminated last Saturday. Arrangements had been made to "put it on the road," and off it has gone on its round of brilliant successes throughout the country. The illustrations of this new English importation given on page 9 will be found interesting.

"PICTURESQUE HAWAII" is the title of a serial illustrated work by Hon. John L. Stevens and Prof. W. B. Oleson, which is just now being brought out by the Hubbard Publishing Co. The first five parts have already appeared, and are extremely interesting and instructive. The books are album-shaped, with large half-tone engravings, finely executed on surface paper, illustrating the curious volcanic formations and native scenery of the islands, as well as the principal buildings, leading residents and other attractive features. This work will be of great value to any one interested in the growth and history of Hawaii.

Max wants but little here below,
And gets it if he can;
But woman asks for even less—
She only wants the man.

THE young Kaiser of Germany is always doing unexpected things. The last to attract attention was the placing of a floral wreath at the foot of the Vendome Column in Paris in memory of the great Napoleon.

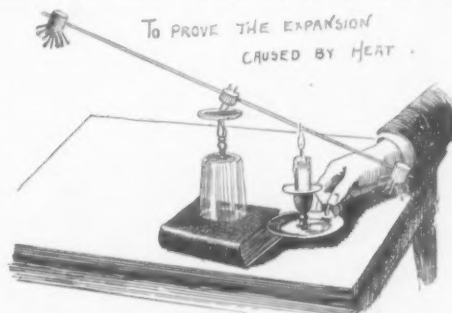
MISS FRANCES WILLARD, the American Temperance Reformer, was highly complimented by the British Women's Temperance Association, in London, on the occasion of her departure for America.

THE *New Ireland Review*, the first number of which appeared in March, is the name of a thoughtful new monthly published in Dublin. In a recent number Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde, Bart., M.P., writes on "The Nemesis of Irish Toryism;" George Sigerson, M.D., gives the second part of an able essay on "Genesis and Evolution;" Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, Bart., concludes an interesting paper on the "Failure of Constitutional Monarchy in France," and Miss K. Madeleine Barry contributes an article entitled, "The Royal Touch." Other readable papers make up, with these we have named, a quite attractive number.

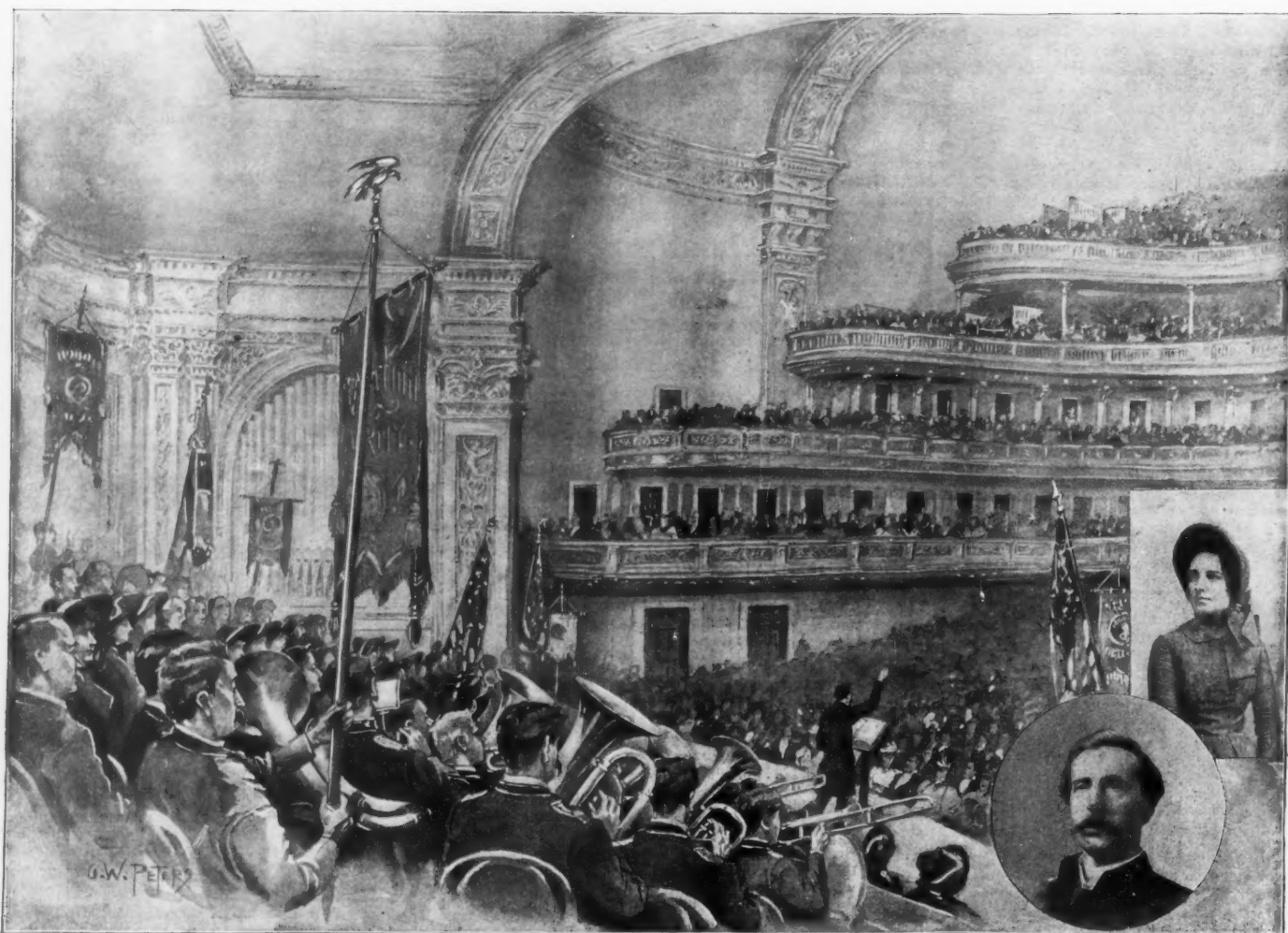
SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT.

TO PROVE THE EXPANSION CAUSED BY HEAT.

It is a well-known fact that all matter expands under the action of heat. To prove it in the case of a metal stick is the object of the experiment here illustrated. Pass a piece of thick wire—a knitting-needle will do—through a circular piece of cork until the centre of the latter coincides with the middle point of the wire, or needle. At each side of the latter, and



parallel with the axis of the cork disc, insert two pins and let their points rest on the bottom of a reversed tumbler. These will correspond to the beam of a balance. To render the equilibrium more stable, place on each end of the needle a cork, the two weighted with an equal number of nails so that they will balance each other perfectly. After rocking a little the needle should then assume a horizontal position. As soon as it is perfectly still, heat one end with a match or candle. The eye will not perceive the expansion of the metal; but that it really takes place is proven by the fact that the equilibrium is destroyed, owing to the heated side having become longer than the other, and thus changing the centre of gravity of the apparatus.



CONGRESS OF THE SALVATION ARMY AT CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL, MAY 15.



THE DESTRUCTIVE STORM ON LAKE MICHIGAN, MAY 18.

A GOING CONCERN.

BY ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT.

HE gloaming was rapidly darkening into night. The rooks some hours ago had lumbered their way across the green-gold sky, with raucous cries querulously disputing every inch of the way, and from their warrens in a thousand hillocks the rabbits had swarmed out to eat the sweet grass that grew at the fringe of the patches of hawthorn, briar, and bracken, when a horseman in riding cape and heavy boots, and mounted on a mare—from her build a hunter—galloped easily across the heath in the direction of the Raven Inn. He was a man of medium height, sturdily built, and might be young or might be middle-aged for all the clew his face provided to the spectator. Any one looking closely at him, and being put to the point, would have hazarded his age as perhaps two-and-thirty, more



GALLOPED EASILY ACROSS THE HEATH

or less. His face was clean-shaven, his features clear-cut, and his eye twinkled with a shrewd as well as humorous wink, which to-night was tempered by a vague wistfulness. For Stevers had been drinking. He held the bridle-reins loosely in his left hand; his right hung listlessly by his side, and his whole demeanor betokened one beautifully contented to be alive. He paid no attention to his direction. In this respect he had perfect confidence in his mare's good sense, and she, trusty brute, loved her home, and made for it by the most direct route when her master gave her her head.

Now, Stevers had reached the comfortable state of intoxication which, while it allows only a hazy comprehension of the events occurring in the immediate presence of the befuddled to penetrate the mind, still shows to a man his own good points, and leads him to convince himself of his superiority to the surroundings, and causes him to form more good resolutions in a given space of time than ten sermons could. At every stride of his mare he saw that he but wasted his abilities located in the heart of a great moor. Although strategically situated, and central to boot, a hub from which by-paths shot out to half-a-dozen profitable high-roads, and although he knew that his location was the envy of many neat gentlemen of his own calling, Bulstrode, Haybittle, Nockholds and McWhinny, to mention only a few, yet he was discontented, and yearned for more metropolitan fields of labor. Only three Sundays before he had received a visit from Haybittle, who bronched the subject of purchasing from Stevers the Raven and district; but Stevers had then laughed to scorn the very suggestion of a sale.

That was three weeks ago, and the seed sown by Haybittle had sprouted. It must not be understood that the actual proprietorship of the inn, nestled in the centre of the heath, belonged to Stevers. Not at all. Stevers was merely a guest at the inn, with no more than the rights of a guest, and the district for miles around was his only so far as the understood laws and fellowship of birds of his feather, supported by his brace of good pistols, asserted and protected his ownership. He had successfully maintained possession against all comers for more than



"I'M LEAVING THE DISTRICT, BETTY."

a year, and a year is a long life to a highwayman. But this summer's evening his better nature, brought into activity by wine, asserted itself, and he resolved to give up life on the moor, remove to Hounslow or Blackheath, and put his abilities to proper use. As his mare came to a standstill under the creaking signboard of the Raven, Stevers swung from the saddle, and, bringing his palm down with a resounding thwack on the mare's quarters, made for the inn door, at the same time as the beast, unattended, trotted off to her stall. Stevers, without pulling the latch-string, put his shoulder to the door and sent it flying open. He flung his hat spinning into a corner, his coat followed, and, seating himself in a chair, placed his feet on the heavy table, and proceeded to look about him with quite a proprietary air.

"Landlord!" he shouted at last, "leave your confounded tinkering and come here. I want you."

Ford, the landlord, a low-browed fellow, did as he was bid.

At this moment Stevers's intentions were to tell Ford of his plans; but, luckily, a diversion, in the shape of a comely lass, came between him and his folly. For, in olden times—I say nothing of the present—it was politic when dealing with the keeper of an inn to keep the day of departure a secret, with the object, so far as we may guess, of insuring against a possible great increase in the reckoning as the day of departure drew near. But the entrance of Betty Ford, the daughter of the inn, diverted Stevers's thoughts from the future to the interesting present, and by the time Ford reached the table, in response to his bawling, all thoughts of leaving the Raven Inn, alone, at all events, vanished from the highwayman's mind.

"Good-evening to you, Betty," Stevers shouted across the room.

Betty, a buxom, rosy cheeked, black-haired romp of a girl, dropped him a curtsy with all the airs, and, for the matter of that, grace of a lady-in-waiting, and Stevers, gallant, if ebriously, brought his feet to the floor and returned the bow with interest. Betty liked highwaymen. A highwayman, she reasoned, was never in want of ready money—a high virtue in eyes feminine—and after each night's work, he either returned with a pleasant tale of adventure to tell over his wine, or furnished a joyous hanging in the neighborhood of the heath, and Betty loved adventures and hangings. But Ford, the father, did not hold with bowings and scrapings. He was jealous of Stevers's attentions to his only daughter, and made no secret of his jealousy. He demanded of Stevers, in no pleasant tone, what were his orders. Still with his eyes on the lass, who busied herself about a cupboard in the far corner of the room, Stevers said, in a tranquil tone: "My good host, wine, an' it please you, wine, wine, wine. 'Tis the only thing I ask of man. I take all else," he added, with sinister accents on the "take," glancing up into the face of the landlord.

For a moment Ford scowled down upon his guest, then moodily shuffled across the floor, bade his daughter begone, and brought the wine. Stevers sat and thought and drank, and the more he thought the more he drank, and the more he drank the less he thought. He was carried to bed, and woke next morning surprised to find that his throat had not been cut for him.

Breakfast over, Stevers mounted his mare and rode away to see Haybittle. "I've been thinking, Rube," Stevers said to Haybittle, as they sat smoking side by side in the parlor of the inn Haybittle made his head-



SHE SAW A GROUP OF MEN AROUND A HORSE.

quarters—"I've been thinking of what you said to me—your proposal to buy me out."

"Ay. Ye'll see your way to come to an agreement over the head o' the matter."

"I do not say that," Stevers replied, cautiously, as a man feels the ice with his toe before venturing to put his foot flat upon it. "In fact, Rube, I fear it would be a tearing of my heartstrings, the giving up of the Raven. But we may talk the matter over, and no harm done."

"O' course not, o' course," put in Rube—"no harm done 'tween friend and friend. The thought came to me that ye might in a way have had your fill o' the Raven, seeing you ha' had a twal' month o' the nest. But to tell ye as a friend to a friend"—here Haybittle withdrew his pipe and looked Stevers frankly in the face—"as a friend to a friend, I am by ordinary well pleased wi' my present location."

"One of the best hereabouts," Stevers as frankly admitted.

"Ay, that it is, and," again his pipe was removed, "'tween the two o' us, who be friends, the Raven is no the pitch it were in Jack Auld's day, when the 'Flyaway,' wi' Tom Leitch driving, were in the land o' the living. Tom were a friend, indeed, to all honest highwaymen. But the best ha' a way o' being called first. They hanged Tom." Haybittle sighed and resumed his pipe, but Stevers resented the disparaging comparison of the Raven with its old self.

"I tell you, Haybittle," he said, hotly, "there is no better stand and deliver in the kingdom than the Raven, and right well you know I speak the truth. And it's safe, man, safe. There's not a catchpole would dare show his nose on the heath. However, I'll speak to Bulstrode, for I have all but made up my mind to go to London. Bulstrode will, maybe, jump at the chance."

"Sit ye down, Stevers, my man. I ha' not said that I would not like the Raven. I would, 'tween friend and friend, more as a matter o' health than makings. The air suits me."

Stevens sat again and smoked. Rube Haybittle hemmed and hawed, disputed, vaticinated, brooded, smoked, and—agreed. Stevers dictated terms. The money, a round sum, was paid, and Stevers agreed to give possession in a week's time, undertaking not to

bring odium or the law on top of the inn in the meanwhile, and Haybittle agreeing to keep their bargain a profound secret, as Stevers had a few matters of conscience to settle before he left, so he said.

Leaving Haybittle, Stevers rode over to see Bulstrode (whose centre of activity was a little inn some ten miles



KISSED BETTY'S HAND

from Haybittle's), and, after spending an hour or so with that worthy, it must have been near upon four o' th' clock, and the thatched roof of the Raven had not as yet appeared above the clumps of scented furze, riding home, he came unexpectedly upon Betty Ford. The girl, in a pink kirtle, a dainty kerchief thrown over her shoulders and knotted in front, her round rosy face peeping from under a huge sun-bonnet, and her fair forearms bare, stood some short distance from the bridle-path twinkling roguishly at him as he jumped his mare toward her across a deep scar in the heath. She had been gathering the strawberries that grew wild on the common, and at least pretended she had not noticed his

approach. Stevers prevaricated, too, and swore that he'd be hanged in chains if something inside him, his heart, or conscience, or something, did not tell him as plain as words that if he took this certain path good luck would befall him. Betty doubted the existence of either conscience or heart in him; he laughed a protest, and so they began bravely. Her basket, fortunately, was not quite full of berries, and the gallant highwayman got him down on his knees among the pointed leaves, and for some minutes picked with sincerity. When the novelty wore off he ate every second berry, and at last found a comfortable knoll on which to sit and talk love-talk. Betty replied. It was not, as all love scenes in stories attempt to be, an exchange of flashing wit, cutting repartee, and humorous banter; but a passage of mock-clever, and—if the truth be told—some-

what cloying commonplace, with a strain of pathos in it of the girl's making. For Betty was a good girl, an innocent-minded girl, albeit her bringing up was of an inn. Stevers, to her, was a clever man, good-looking, alert at a bargain, careless, and a trifle bad. What more does a woman want!

"I'm leaving the district, Betty," Stevers said, after a lengthy pause in the conversation, a pause that gave dramatic force to the statement.

"For long?" asked the girl, glancing up from the strawberries.

"No, not for long, Betty"—he paused—"for ever."

He saw the color leave her cheek.

"I'm sorry," was all she said, and she once more felt among the leaves for berries, which, for some reason or other, would not come to her fingers as they did a minute before. The mare clumsily cropped the grass, rattling the bit against her teeth, and occasionally shaking her head impatiently at the iron impediment to mastication.

"I'm sorry, too," the young man said at last, "and my sorrow would be unbearable but for a hope I hold."

"And what is the hope," she asked, without looking up.

"That you will leave the Raven at the same time and come to London with me, Betty." Stevers had quitted



MADE OFF AT A RATTLING PACE

his comfortable seat, and was now among the strawberry plants holding the girl's hand. "I began by telling you I loved you, in sport, as I would have told any other pretty girl"—a frank acknowledgment which did not in the least shock the maid of the inn—"and I have continued to tell you the same thing, until now I can lay my hand on my heart and give you my word as a gentleman that I do love you, and love you well. I am going to London, Betty. You must go, too. We will open an inn of our own. They do not hang for selling strong drink. 'Tis only retail crime they cripple with a halter. I've done with the highway. Will you leave the Raven with me?"

"As your wife, yes," she answered, without a moment's hesitation, and the bargain was sealed with many kisses.

Walking toward the inn, Betty carried a full basket on her arm, a full heart in her breast, and many misgivings of her father's anger in her pretty head. Stevers led his mare by the bridle, and cared not a farthing for the world or its occupants—save one. The girl feared her father, but Stevers "poo-hooed." However, it occurred to him that it might pain the daughter if it were necessary for him to run his sword through the father as a preliminary to the wedding, and he saw the policy of avoiding such a *contretemps*. Ford, he knew, would never consent to their marriage. So the only way out of it was that Ford should not know. Stevers schemed, and it was arranged that when the day for departure arrived, he should ride away in the morning as if for London, but lie all day quietly at the Horse and Hounds, some seven miles Londonward, and close upon ten o'clock at night ride back to a clump of oak that stood some miles from the Raven, and there await his love, Betty, who would seize the earliest opportunity to slip away from her father and join him. Stevers spent a busy week of it riding across the heath every day in a different direction, and returning home at all hours of the night. At last the day for departure dawned. Stevers gallantly kissed Betty's hand, mounted, and waved his hat as he disappeared over the Downs.

Which of the many highwaymen of the districts round about was to succeed Stevers, Ford did not know, and Ford did not care. Bulstrode, or Haybittle, or Shortie Flint, or Nockolds—they were all of them enterprising fellows of great liquid capacity and meagre reckoning ability, and the most exacting host of an inn asks for no more. But when Ford, some hours after Stevers's departure, sighted a speck away to the west, he knew at once that it must be Bulstrode. And sure enough that worthy cantered cautiously across the heath and up to the door, where stood the landlord and comely daughter to bid him welcome. Bulstrode clumsily took off his hat, and then swung heavily to the ground. He was a man of powerful build and slow motion, mutton-fisted, and of blunt and honest speech.

"Good-day to ye, Ford, and to you, my lass," he said, nodding to the one and bowing awkwardly to the other, "I ha' come to lodge myself under your roof for the time being. Stevers, I ha' small doubts, has made ye aware o' the same."

The landlord grunted a non-committal grunt, took the horse by the bit and led him toward the stable. Bulstrode followed Betty into the Raven. When Ford, after seeing the horse comfortable, reached the front of the inn, in his customary sweep of the heath—which he never forgot to make before entering the door—he beheld another horseman on the moor. This was strange. Ford watched the horseman closely. Had Bulstrode not arrived and claimed possession, Ford would have sworn the new rider was Rube Haybittle. He sat his horse not unlike Rube, and, moreover, he was tall, thin, and on a roan animal. Yes, now that he drew nearer, there could be no doubt on the score. It was Haybittle, coming, most likely, to bid Stevers good-by—but too late. Rube dashed up with rather fine effect, reined his mount to an abrupt standstill, and was on the ground before the steed's forefeet had ceased plowing the sandy soil. Rube was a dramatic fellow, if a whit thrasonical.

"Stevens gone?" he asked, briskly, without preliminaries.

Ford nodded affirmation.

"This morning, I suppose?"

Ford again nodded.

"Let him stand awhile before feeding"—Haybittle jerked his head toward his horse—"I've ridden hard," and he bustled into the hostelry.

Rube Haybittle was rather taken aback to find Bulstrode so comfortably seated in the Raven.

"Hullo, Rube!" shouted the latter, who already sat, a great flagon of wine at his elbow, "just in time to drink success to the venture. Come in, man. Draw up a chair. Here, Rosy-cheeks, another glass."

"The finest bit o' highway ground this side of Lunn-o, Rube, and, nursed, 'twill be worth a man's time and attention."

"I agree," said Haybittle, seating himself opposite his fellow-highwayman. "I know of no better centre. The heath has a clean repute forby."

"I admitted as much to Stevens when we were haggling," Bulstrode added.

"You haggling for the Raven? Ha, ha, ha! but I outbid ye," laughed Rube.

"You outbid me? What d'ye mean? If there has happened any outbidding—o' which I ha' my doubts—'twas I outbid you," answered Bulstrode.

"A good joke, a very good joke, Bulstrode," laughed Haybittle, albeit a trifle nervously—"but, come, drink to my success and future in the Raven."

"Your success! Look ye here, Haybittle, my man. As ye well know, I ha' but a thick skull for foolery, and I grant ye that ye ha' a ready wit. But afore we fall out over the head o' this pleasantry o' yours, ye'll oblige me by pretending no longer. I ha' now, in this inn, a dignity to upkeep. I ha' to abide here. I ha' to conduct myself becoming."

By the time Bulstrode labored to the end of this, for him, long speech, Haybittle had jumped to his feet.

"Abide here, is it ye say?" he cried, excitedly. "Is it conducting yourself becoming to squat on another man's honest buyings? I's warrant ye not. Stevens sold me his seat, and drive and hang me in chains if I let myself be hustled out o' my belongings by the best

man that ever sat saddle. Ye'll look at this," he threw a bit of paper across the table; "there's a cock that will fight."

Bulstrode took it gingerly between his fingers, looked at it vacantly, and turned it first this way and then that.

"I ha' forgotten most that I learned o' book knowledge," he said, slowly, "and I can scarcely make out word for word and line for line what this may tell; but I ha' a bit o' paper much like it myself," and, fumbling in his pocket, he drew it forth.

Haybittle ran his eyes over the paper, and, sinking into a chair, gazed at Bulstrode, nodding his head slowly as he said: "Plucked like a heath-cock for boiling."

Bulstrode from under his heavy brows glowered at his friend, and the trick that had been played upon them slowly worried itself to his comprehension. Stevers had sold the Raven to each of them "as a going concern," the papers stated, and had gone off with their money. What Bulstrode might have said, if, indeed, he would have said anything, will never be known; for at that instant the door flew open and Nockolds entered, hot from his ten miles' ride. He, too, had a bit of paper with the best of them. Next came Shorty Flint, of rubicund face, then thrifless Teeple, a very young man for the game, and Dug Gillies and McWhinny, and, finally, Gosnell, who laughed himself hoarse. They all of them had paper. They fell to cursing Stevers in chorus, vowed vengeance, and ended by laughing with Gosnell and drinking with each other and all concerned, and the night began with plenty of wine before them.

Nine o'clock came, and Betty began to fidget. She had a few necessities done up in a parcel ready to snatch and run at the first opportunity. Now that she waited for a fortuitous moment it seemed to the girl that her father deliberately stuck by her side. The highwaymen were making merry over their misfortune, and drinking confusion to Stevers and all his belongings, and, excepting only Bulstrode, they were all of them rapidly approaching impletion. Betty was kept busy supplying their wants, repulsing their advances, and returning their witticisms, until it seemed to her that she would never be free. But the opportunity came at last, and, her parcel in hand and a hood on her head, she darted out into the night, and made off among the furze to strike the path that led to the trysting-place. How her heart beat as her feet flew across the heath, and the thousand and one frights she got on her way, and how eerily the owls hooted, and the bats—were they really bats or witches?—how they zigzagged across her way! She dared not look over her shoulder. If it was ordained that she should be caught by ghoul or human, it were better that she be taken unawares than after a hysterical and hopeless flight, she argued. She pushed on, her soul tingling, and on every side she saw strange shadows rising up to peer at her. The very bushes nodded knowingly as she passed. Panting after a run of fully five minutes, Betty came to the path she sought, and was about to proceed along it when her ear caught the sound of an approaching horse. She stopped to listen. There could be no mistaking the sound. A horseman was approaching. It would never do to be seen. She quitted the path, and hid herself behind a tangle of briar and bush. Betty had not long to wait before she made out the dim outline of a horse and rider heading toward the Raven Inn. Betty watched their approach, and it was not until the horse, going at a comfortable canter, had all but passed her, that she realized who rode the beast. It was Stevers. He leaned forward, his two hands apparently locked in the mare's mane, and his whole appearance told of one hopelessly drunk. And the all-too-faithful mare was taking her master, as she had done on many a former occasion, to the only spot on earth that she looked upon as home—the Raven Inn. With the quick wit of a woman Betty guessed what had happened. The long wait at the Horse and Hounds had been too great a temptation for her lover. He had spent the hours by drinking, and now was in the power of liquor and the mare. Flying to her feet, Betty cried his name again and again, and ran her swiftest to catch the bride; but the mare, taking fright at the hullabaloo, and wishing to save her rider from any danger that might be about, made off at a rattling pace for the inn, the last place in the world to which it was her rider's wish to go.

Poor Betty saw her fairy castles topple and fall crashing about her ears at the moment they seemed likely to change from dream to substance. First, pity for herself welled in her heart; but this was instantly displaced by resentment against Stevers and all his ways, and, casting him off once and forever, she made for her father's roof as swiftly as she had, a few minutes before, ran from it, and at every step she prayed that her absence had been unnoticed. As she emerged from the furze to the clear space before the door of the inn, she saw a group of men around a horse, and heard Bulstrode's well-known voice shouting exultantly:

"The Lord ha' delivered the enemy into our hands, and the treasure forby. I ha' small doubts. Carry ye him in, and we'll lay on to him the price o' a going concern."

Betty slipped around to the back door, threw off her cloak and hood, rolled up her sleeves, and came bustling into the room, and saw with great relief that she had not been missed. Stevers sat in the middle of the sandstrewn floor, a look of utter bewilderment on his face. Already the gold had been taken from him, and was heaped on the oak table, while water from two buckets ran from his head and formed a great pool, in the centre of which he sat.

Teeple ran to the stable for a rope, but Bulstrode called out:

"No, no, no! We'll all come to that soon enough. I ha' no fears. We ha' each o' us our coin back, and forby a pile o' Stevens's savings, which I will make bold to divide, share and share, among us. Further than that I will not go. Stevers had his turn; we ha' ours. Leave the man to sober."

Stevens gazed owlishly about in an attempt to make out what had happened to him; but this being a puzzle requiring more perspicacity than a befuddled brain usually possesses, he resigned the attempt, and, staggering to a chair, went off into a sound sleep. When he awoke he found his savings of a year were all gone, together with the product of the multitudinous sales of his one district, and, moreover, that eight good fellows had the night before formed themselves into a band,

amalgamating their various interests and districts, the members sworn to support and succor one another, and to act under the leadership of Bulstrode, with headquarters at the Raven Inn. Bulstrode, knowing Stevers to be a clever man, offered to include him in their number, and Stevers, light-hearted and empty-pursed, accepted the offer, and was at once made second in command. But Stevers would never mount the mare again. She was too faithful for him, he said.

The only person who would not forgive Stevers for his little doings was Betty of the inn.

Thus was formed as a going concern the band of highwaymen whose doings made the name of the Raven Inn famous for quite five-and-twenty miles around.



(Conclusion.)

NERVOUS coldness crept down my spine, in spite of the heat. I stopped, and peered forward with a very intent look. Was that a pair of eyes, in the midst of a narrow, hairy face, and surmounted by—what!—a pair of horns? The Devil. . . . It moved; it sprang scrambling upward. It was nothing but a goat. I laughed, but I was conscious of an uncomfortable prickly sensation over my skin for some time after.

Some minutes later I reached a sort of terrace, from which the goal of my efforts was visible for the first time. It was now near; but the tree itself was enveloped in a light, but baffling mist, as if the ghost had drawn a veil over it. The mist, or cloud, had a fantastic movement, stretching out filaments like phantom arms, twisting itself about, thinning and again condensing for no apparent reason. I know not whether others have noticed it; but, to me, there has always been something awesome about the spectacle of vapors, seen at close quarters, on the summits of mountains. I felt this strongly at this moment. Would this mist presently solidify itself and assume the aspect of the dumpy? Absurd, of course; but, seriously, what do we really know about these things?

Suffice it to say that when I gained the top of the dumpy's mountain, I was in a somewhat different humor from that in which I had made my bargain with the negro girl on the road. I was disturbed, in body and mind. I sat down at the foot of a hemispherical mangotree and contemplated the scene.

The summit of the mountain was a small plateau, scarce half an acre in area. It was overgrown with trees and bushes—the coffee, prickly pear, sour-sop and grenadilla; and there was a straggling vine which resembled the familiar yam. Gray boulders lay about the plateau, bound down and draped with creepers, ferns and mosses. In the centre of the space rose dominant the haunted tree.

It was much larger than it had seemed to be from below. The bole could not have been less than one hundred and twenty feet in height, and had originally been twenty or thirty feet higher yet; but the upper parts had decayed and fallen long ago. For full a hundred feet from the ground the straight stem towered without a bough; then four or five enormous limbs, each of the girth of a well-grown American elm, put forth from the same level. Above these the trunk was broken off, and they themselves were produced not more than twenty feet in a horizontal direction. For more than a generation, doubtless, this king of the mountains had been dead.

But though dead himself, he was the cause of abounding life to countless less noble plants. His huge form was hirsute and shaggy with parasites. In every coign of vantage, and along the upper faces of the horizontal boughs, the wild pine thrust out its prickly fronds and bristled like a cheveau-de-frise. Broad-leaved shrubs of various species flaunted from on high, and trees big enough to do business on their independent account scrupled not to burgeon with foliage nourished on the decay on their titanic brother; and their roots twined around him in knotted coils, like muscles and sinews round a human limb denuded of the skin. Whatever seed a passing bird had dropped or breeze transported had found here congenial soil, and had abundantly flourished. Life and death were here mingled together in an inextricable embrace. Lianas of all sizes, some no thicker than a cod-line, others an inch or two in diameter, hung down from the summit to the base like the loose cordage of some wrecked vessel. There was beauty in the aspect of this tropical vitality, and yet there was something repellent about it. Lesser creatures flourishing at the expense of a greater. The weirdness of the spectacle was enhanced by the wavering mist, which now streamed upward in the still air, as if a secret fire was smoldering in the heart of the venerable pillar. No more fitting and fantastic haunt than this, whether for a disembodied spirit, or for a witch incarnate, could be imagined.

The utter silence of this aerial spot was impressive. No bird sang here, no insect chirped; far above in the waste of the silent sky a vulture wheeled and swung on rigid pinions. But while I involuntarily strained my ears to listen more closely, a strange sound, like a deep and forcible breathing, suddenly became audible. It was as if the dead tree had fetched a mighty sigh from the depth of its hollow heart. The sound increased in volume, and subsided again, dying away at last in a doubtful whisper. Had some wandering

Y. P. S. C. E. SOUVENIR.

An edition of the Souvenir Maps of the Y. P. S. C. E. Convention, to be held July 11th to 15th, at Cleveland, Ohio, has been issued to the Nickel Plate Road, the shortest through passenger line between Buffalo and Chicago. Any person who expects to attend this Convention and desiring one of these maps can have same forwarded to his address by addressing F. J. Moore, General Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.

For a clear head and steady nerves

Take Bromo-Seltzer—trial bottle 10 cents.

breeze breathed upon the mountain-top, and passed on? No; for not a leaf or a spray had been stirred. There was no movement in the atmosphere. What, then, was the cause of the sound?

"Come," said I to myself, "your imagination is playing you tricks! Or was it a singing in your ears from the exertion of the climb? Well, if it is repeated . . ."

I stopped. It seemed to me that I had detected the faint beginning of another sigh. Yes—it came—it grew—it gathered force and volume, dilating, as it were, and deepening until it was a sigh no longer, but a tremulous, vibrating groan, palpitating sullenly on the air, and coming, apparently, from no particular point, but from above, below and all around. It shook my heart, and quivered in my nerves. No—this was no hallucination! But, again, what could it be?

When you are thoroughly scared and mystified the best way to recover your self-possession is to utter some commonplace, familiar phrase, or perform some homely, unromantic act, thereby bringing your exaltation down to the level of ordinary vulgar existence. I cannot say what put it into my head; but I thrust my hand in my pocket, pulled out my cigar-case, and bit off the end of a cigar. Then I hunted for a match, struck a light, and smoked. I felt better immediately.

As I blew the fragrant clouds out of my mouth, my eyes were fixed upon the summit of the great tree. The broad space formed there by the diverging boughs was a sort of island in the air—an estate above ground, five or six yards in diameter, at least, where some modern St. Simeon Stylites might abide in comparative comfort. Once up—but he would need a balloon to make the ascent—he could sit or recline at his ease, indifferent to the turmoil of human affairs on the earth below him. He might even plant a small vegetable-garden up yonder; and there was probably a shower once at least in the four-and-twenty hours, which would afford him a moderate drink. The conceit pleased me. If a man could be found sufficiently averse from locomotion to spend a lifetime within a radius of half-a-dozen paces, no more peaceful, and, at the same time, exhilarating, a hermitage could be picked out for him.

But no such philosopher existed in this nineteenth century. We are all so bitten by the maggot of moving about that to sit still, even in the most attractive spot in the world, would be a sentence of death or insanity.

Was that—what was that—was it anything?—gazing out at me through the thicket of sprays and leaves at the top of the haunted tree. Surely there was—there had been—a face; a face bearing some wild likeness to humanity! It could not be a goat this time. But how could it be a man—how could it be any living creature—if it were anything? It was gone now.

I sat intent and motionless, waiting for the apparition to re-appear. I was certain that I was not mistaken; I had seen something—a face, a human face. The glance of our eyes had met; then it had been imperceptibly withdrawn. The haunted tree! Well, haunted, beyond a doubt, it was. By what?

Some minutes passed. There was no further sign—nothing, beyond the swaying of one of the rope-like lianas in some breeze which had not reached me. But I still kept my eyes resolutely fixed upon the point where I had seen—what I had seen!

In another moment I leaped to my feet with an involuntary cry. Out of a bush—out of the earth, as it seemed, at my very feet—arose the gaunt figure of a man, half-naked, shaggy with hair and beard. There he stood; and we confronted each other at a distance of less than a dozen steps.

After the first pang of amaze was passed, I felt stouter than I had done for some time past. Nothing is really terrible but the unknown. Who this gentleman was, and how he got there, I, indeed, knew not; but I knew he was a creature of flesh and blood like myself, and, looking sharply in his eyes, I did not detect any murderous or hostile expression. He looked wild, agitated, and strangely eager; he was a man of some forgotten century suddenly exhumed and not yet in possession of his sober senses. His aspect was hardly describable—tangled, tanned, scarred, distraught; his waist encircled with a girdle of the leaves of the wild fig-tree, rudely plaited together; hatless, with a matted mass of sun-bleached hair on his head, hanging down in shaggy coils at either side his face; arms and legs lean, but muscular; eyes eager, but unsteady in their regard, as if unaccustomed to sustain the glance of a fellow-man. After all, to me, at that juncture, the most uncanny fact about my odd companion was, that he was not a negro, but a white man. And, supposing him shaved, washed, smoothed down and dressed up, he would be a man of about my own age.

"Good-day, sir," said I, in as quiet a tone as I could command. "Can I do anything for you?"

The creature made two or three convulsive movements with his lips, blowing out air and drawing it in again, with a whistling sound. Then, words came from him—at first scarcely articulate, and of uncertain tone. They were accompanied with gestures of the hands, as if craving food. Human utterance, with him, was like a thing long dead or moribund breaking awkwardly through the encrustations of many silent years. At last I understood him.

"Smoke!" he said. "Smoke! Give me a cigar!" "Certainly!" I returned. "With pleasure. Help yourself;" and I presented my cigar-case.

He selected one with trembling fingers. Something in the way he handled it, passed it between his lips, and bit off the end, awakened in me an obscure memory. Every one has his own particular way of doing a thing, unlike any one else's. It may be as individual as his handwriting, if you happen to notice it.

I looked at him again; not as a man simply, but as seeking in him the likeness of a certain person whom I had once known. Take away the crazy jungle of beard, the matted hair; costume him in a black coat, a fashionable scarf, a high collar; remove the sunburn and the scratches, and give him a fresh complexion and twenty or thirty pounds more of flesh; do this, and what would be the result?

"Fred Curry, upon my soul!" exclaimed I, slowly. I stretched out my right hand. "Well, Fred, old man, how are you?"

"How are you, my boy?" he returned, thickly. "Got a match?"

"Take a light off me," I replied, holding out my cigar.

He lighted up, handed back my cigar with the little bow that I remembered well, and inhaled the smoke with an expression of unctuous satisfaction that almost made me weep. Only a smoker can realize what it is to be without tobacco for—how many years?

Strange was it to note, too, how the resumption of the habit, with all the half-conscious associations that appertained to it, brought the poor fellow back from the wilderness in which he had dwelt to the memories and usages of civilization. More and more, as he smoked on, did the form and bearing of the man I once knew emerge from the rugged chrysalis of neglect and savagery. It was Fred Curry, sure enough, tricked out in a grotesque masquerade, but the real old Fred, nevertheless.

Several silent minutes passed; he smoked all the while like a house afire. Each puff increased his manhood, strengthened him, put on a new lost grace, a forgotten polish.

When he was half through the weed he paused, and fixed his eyes upon me with a look that announced the return of a soul.

"Shake, old boy," he said, recognizing, at length, the tender I had made him some time before. "Say, you must excuse my rig; I've been rusticated. I tell you, tobacco tastes good! Say, just step up to my place, and let's have a quiet chat. I guess I must have pretty near forgotten—what I was!"

He turned as he spoke, and walked toward the tree. I followed him, digesting my immense surprise.

He passed round to the further side of the great bole, with its spreading buttresses slanting out like supporting walls, caught hold of some dangling lianas, and began to hoist himself upward with the agility of a baboon. Did he expect me to follow him?

"Hold on, Fred; hold on!" I cried.

He paused and looked down, his cigar between his teeth.

"I can't do that sort of thing, you know," said I.

"Oh, yes you can; that's all right," he returned. "It's a regular ladder, if you notice. I go up and down half-a-dozen times a day. It's nothing to what we used to do in the gymnasium at home. Take right hold, and come on!"

I now perceived, in fact, that two or three of the tough roots had been so knotted together as to make a sort of rope-ladder, which probably might prove less impracticable than it looked. I had an overpowering curiosity to see what sort of a bird's nest poor Fred had built for himself up aloft; and, recalling what I could of my college prowess, and smothering the misgivings which assailed me, I laid hold of the swinging sides of the aerial staircase and began to mount. An interval of suspense, literal and metaphorical, which I do not like to recall, ensued. If the thing had been ten feet longer I think there would have been an accident. But I got safe to the top—thoroughly broken-up and winded, and streaming with perspiration. Fred received me with courtesy, and motioned me to a seat as if we were in the private smoking-room of his club in Boston. He had not turned a hair. I sat down—or, rather, my knees gave way under me, and down I came upon a heap of fern and moss. Sitting there, the plant growth round about the circumference of this eyrie shut out the view of everything but the sky; and I reflected, with a shudder, that beneath me and about me was naught but empty air. What a predicament for me to be in! It seemed to me that I must remain here for the rest of my life; the idea of returning over that awful brink through unmeasured depths of swaying and dizzy vacancy was not to be thought of. Was I a squirrel, or an orchid?

After a time I was able to examine my environment. By simple but ingenious means the place had been made habitable, and, one might almost say, comfortable. Strong stems of bamboo had been wattled in and out between the main boughs, forming a secure foundation to the edifice. A movable screen of leaves and twigs had been constructed, which could be shifted from one side to another, or rigged overhead, so as to protect the occupant from wind, sun or rain. Mats of woven grass, several inches thick, were available for cushions to sit on, or for a bed to sleep on. There were receptacles for storing provisions and implements, and a cluster of big calabashes full of water. Among other objects, I especially noticed a large conch-shell, with a hole through the apex, and I then understood the origin of those mysterious sighs and groans which had so startled me at my first advent. Fred had been wont to employ this primitive trumpet as a means of scaring away intruders, and to confirm them in their belief that the tree was infested by a duppy. The success of the stratagem did not surprise me.

We now settled down for a talk, which lasted several hours, in the course of which Fred told me many things which interested me, and smoked up the rest of my cigars. But it occurs to me that the story I am relating has reached its apogee of significance for the general reader (who, very likely, supposes it to be an invention of my own), and I shall, therefore, bring it to a concise conclusion.

The facts, in outline, are these: When Fred, five years ago, found that his prospective bride had abandoned him for another man, the shock made a radical change in his nature. He resigned his position as commercial traveler, turned the bulk of his property into cash, and donated the entire sum to a certain religious retreat for persons weary of the world, which he, at first, designed to join himself. Upon trial of it, however, he found that the seclusion thus obtained was not adequate to his needs, and he left it with the idea of wandering about the world as a vagabond and mendicant. But it was soon revealed to him that travel, instead of being the breath of his life, as heretofore, had grown utterly detestable to him. He wished to become a permanent fixture, like a hill or a tree, as far as possible from human sight and approach. He happened to be at that moment embarked on a vessel bound for the Pacific, by way of Cape Horn. He left her at Kingston, Jamaica, and betook himself to the mountains. After wandering for a week or two, he discovered the great tree, and conceived the idea of making it his dwelling. With much risk and difficulty he ascended it, and gradually accommodated himself to it. He soon learned that the superstitions of the blacks provided him with an

easy means of maintaining the privacy he craved; and the conch-shell, to procure which he had made a trip to the coast—the only approach to a journey which he had ever permitted himself—was a potent instrument to keep their awe at the boiling-point.

Existing thus, in a land where summer is perpetual, he had soon lost all record of time. He had no idea how long he had dwelt in his tree. He had subsisted on fruits and roots, of which there was abundance within a short radius of his eyrie. One day he had captured an errant goat, which had supplied him with milk. His chief regret, at the outset, had been the want of tobacco; for, although tobacco is grown in Jamaica, he had been unable to find any without going further afield than he dared. But the craving had gradually died out of him, and had only re-awakened, with irresistible strength, when he saw me puffing my cloud at the foot of the mango-tree. That spectacle had broken down in a moment the habit and resolution of years, and he had again held intercourse with a human being. Such was his tale.

"And what have you been thinking about all these years, old man?" I inquired. "Have you solved the riddle of the sphinx?"

"I don't know that I've thought about anything," was his reply. "I've just been a—"

"A human orchid, eh?"

He nodded.

"And you are the man who could never endure to remain two days in any one spot!"

"I suppose so," he answered, listlessly.

"Well, this is the end of it," I rejoined. "You have been through your Wandering Jew phase, and now through your reactionary, or orchid, phase; so you are prepared to become an ordinary rational man, which is the thing you never yet have been. You must come with me, and re-discover the nineteenth century. It's outside there, only a few miles off. I'll bring you some clothes to-morrow and a razor, and to-morrow evening I'll take you to Kingston, and introduce you to . . . to some people I know."

This proposition agitated Fred greatly. I could see that he was making a strenuous effort to assimilate the idea, and I was not altogether surprised to find that he failed to do it. His long isolation—or was it, possibly, some species of insanity that had caused his withdrawal from mankind, and could not now be rooted out?—be it what it may, it could not be done away with.

"I cannot come," he declared, finally.

"But think of the tobacco, Fred!" I urged. "Think of smoking all the cigars you want for the rest of your life!"

"I can't come," he repeated.

It was true that he had just smoked all he wanted to, but I couldn't help that.

I had one more argument. I hesitated a moment before using it. I believed it would be effective.

Mrs. Kelly, *nee* Belmont, and I had not parted on very cordial terms. We had had an explanation, and after that our intercourse had been a little cold, a trifle constrained. As Mrs. Kelly is still very much alive, and may read this, I do not feel justified in taking the reader further into my confidence.

But I was convinced that, were I to inform Fred that his lady-love of former years was free once more, was apparently quite ready to make another man happy, and was living and being beautiful within thirty miles of where we were sitting, he would be powerless to resist the temptation. He would descend from his tree; he would shave, and cut his hair; he would put on a suit of my clothes; we would go over to the Constant Springs Hotel; he would meet Mrs. Kelly, and . . . Well, then they would either be married, or they would not. Which, it was not for me to prophesy. If she refused him, Fred would be worse off than ever. But how if she accepted him?

I know not what another, who had the good of his friend equally at heart, would have done in my place; I don't know whether I did right. But I hesitated a moment, as I just said, to tell him the decisive fact; and it was a moment too long. I have not told him yet, and I never shall.

We have not met since that day. It is his wish—not mine. But every two weeks I place, or cause to be placed, in a spot where I know he will find it, a box of cigars. And any fine day, if you can find your way to the neighborhood of the haunted tree, and gaze upward, you will see a little cloud of blue smoke floating amidst the foliage of the aerial oasis aloft. That blue cloud is the assurance that my friend is happy.

"PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE."

by Gilbert Parker, the gifted young Canadian novelist, will appear with this number of the paper. It is the best work so far produced by the author, though his other novels, "The Chief Factor," "A Pardonable Liar," "Mrs. Falchion," "The Filibuster," "The Trail of the Sword," etc., have all achieved the success of an enviable popularity. But "Pierre and His People" is undoubtedly the book by which Gilbert Parker will always be best known to the world. In it he has broken new ground in the province of fiction, and has turned up treasures of rare price. Each separate sketch of those that make up the interesting collection is a gem of literary excellence, warmed by the deepest and purest sentiment. A profound knowledge of the human heart, a living sympathy with its cravings and passions, a deep and intelligent love of Nature, and a masterly skill in interpreting the unfamiliar aspects of grandeur and loneliness she presents in the cold and thinly-peopled North—these are but a few of the qualifications which Mr. Parker brought to his task of introducing the reading world to places and people unknown. How well he has succeeded each reader must find out for himself. But he would, indeed, be hard to please who would fail to find entertainment in these stirring annals of the North Land—tales of love and battle, of hardship and endurance, of faithful comradeship, of lawless living and fearless dying.

The picturesque boldness, the truth, the beauty, and the pathos of the book take firm hold of the reader's mind, and it is safe to say that few who read it once will be content without going back to it again and again.

IN MEMORIAM.

WHERE HEROES SLEEP.

They died for country. 'Neath the sombre sod
They lie in silence, heroes all,
Where the soft winds murmur and the grasses nod;
They died for country at their country's call.
Deck with flowers that sacred mound,
In solemn gratitude. On hallowed ground
Ye stand, where brave men sleep, a sainted throng.
Your tearful tribute and your solemn song
Shall prove the fervor of a nation's woe,
The glory of the sacrifice they made.
And as your chant arises, soft and low,
Upon the grave God's gentle sunlight plays,
As if in blessing on the resting-place
Of those who perished in the darksome days.
—EDWARD S. VAN ZILE.

OUR BILL.

PANSIES and roses and lilies,
With laurel and cyprus and yew,
They've brought for the graves of the sol-
diers;

But I have these only—a few
Forget-me-nots, gathered this morning
To take to the grave on the hill,
Where no one but me will remember
The soldier who sleeps there—our Bill.

I think of the morning he 'listed,
As handsome a lad as you'd find,
And brave as the bravest, but gentle—
His heart, like a woman's, was kind;
For when his poor mother in sorrow
Cling to him just weeping until
She fainted, he broke down completely
And cried like a baby—our Bill.

And well I remember the battle
That proved he was willing to fight—
The papers were full of his daring—
Our soldiers were storming a height,
And right in the thick of the bullets
He planted his flag on the hill,
And how the men rallied and cheered him:
They made him a captain—our Bill.

But mother just fretted and worried,
And pale as a lily she grew;
I wrote to our boy: "She is pining
Away-like and dying for you;
Come home if you can, for I'm thinking
If longer you stay it will kill
The woman up here who has only
One son now, and that is our Bill."

He asked for a furlough; but never
A furlough they granted him then,
'Til Richmond was taken they wanted
To use every one of their men.
Then he left them—deserted, they called it;
'Twas love for his mother, but still
He never came home, for they captured
"The traitor," they called him—our Bill.

His mother died first; it was better
Than living, as I did, to know
He was shot by his comrades for treason,
And not with his face to the foe.
So now with these blossoms I'm going
To that lonely grave on the hill,
Where no one but me will remember
The soldier who sleeps there—our Bill.
—RUTH RAYMOND.

YALLER ROSES.

Honey, bring the yaller roses,
Lalk de ones dat used to grow
In de ole plantashun gardens
Moah dan fo'ty yea's ago;
Lalk de ones dat mistus tended,
Lalk de ones dat allus bended,
I remembah, roun' de doas'.

We will bunch 'em up togedder
Jes es purty es we can,
Fo' to-day am Decoration—
It's de Norder'n people's plan
So to keep da memory clear,
An' de lob of sojers dearer,
In de h'art ob ebery man.

Dars a grave, I don't jes rec'on
Dat I knows de berry place,
Whar young Marster Joe am buried—
Bless him han'som, haughty face!
But I's gwim to fln' it d'rectly,
An' to see it's treated c'rectly,
He de las' one ob him race.

An da's only dis ole niggah
Ob de boys he use to own
Left to show da 'spect de marster
Whar he sleepin' all alone,
Til' de Gabri'l's trumpet's callin'
An' earth's companies am fallin'
Into line afah de Throne.

Heaben lob de Union sojers
What hab died to make us free,
But da'l nebbber grudge des roses
From de han' ob one lalk me,
Or de tears dat's fallin' farster
When I 'member 'bout young marster
An' de days dat used to be.
—LALIA MITCHELL.

HONOR THE DEAD.

(MAY 30.)

Up from the tropics comes the South-wind's breath,
No longer bringing gruesome tales of death;
No longer armies of one kindred jar
The earth itself with dreadful woes of war.

So long it seems, and yet so recent too,
When Peace to our dear country bade adieu;
When horrors filled a weary space of years
And drenched the land with bitterness and tears.

One generation from the scene has flown,
Another in the ranks of peace has grown,
Since to the land, by God's benign decree,
Peace came—this time to men entirely free.

Hard was the contest, and the dismal years
Brought aching heartbreaks, pains and torturing
fears;

Even when fair Hope arose, some dreadful doubt
Came often to put hope and courage out.

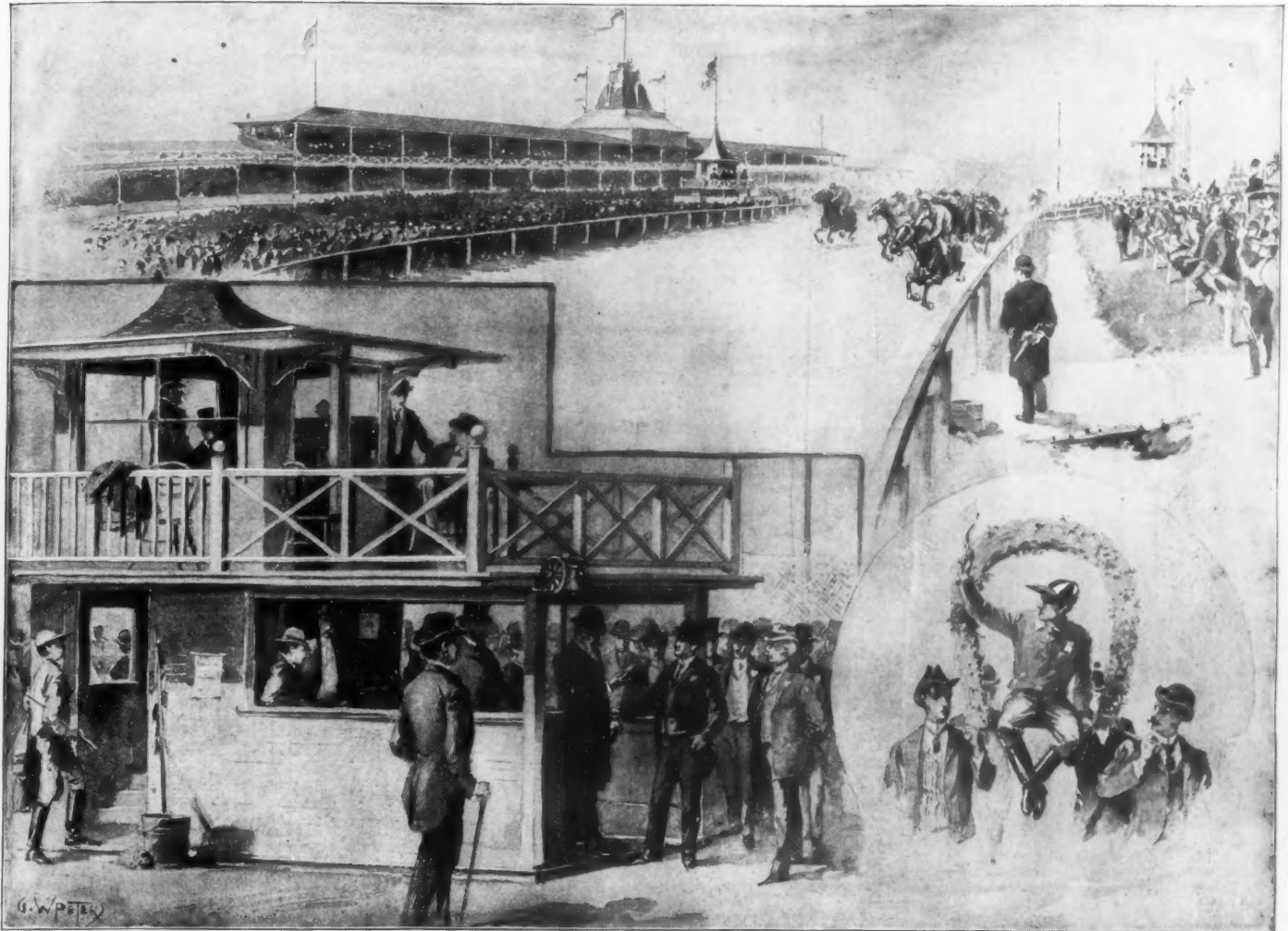
But Freedom's martyrs, to their pole-star true,
No utter loss of hope or struggle knew;
And, by the might of Faith's determined breath,
Saved, for our sake, the prize blood-earned by death.

So, in the passing of Spring's sweetest hours,
We load their graves with May's thick-blooming
flowers;

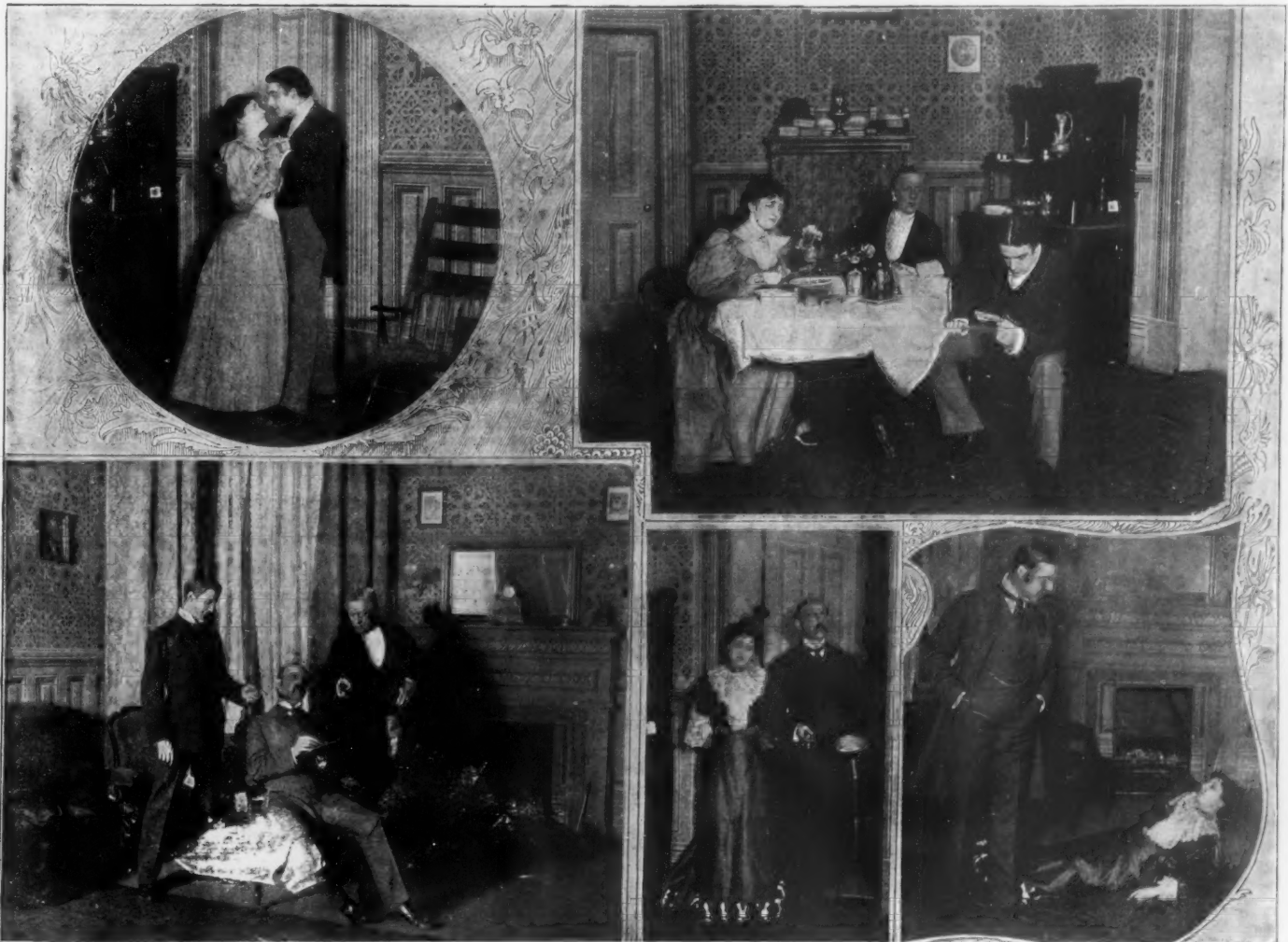
Remembering that their deathful years of strife
Were freely spent to give us richer life.

Bring sprays of lilac, and the white and blue
And flush red-tinted blossoms, wet with dew;
No wreaths of green, or crowns of tinted flame
Shall there be lacking to imprint their fame.

May Time refuse his fateful course to run
When we, or ours, forget the wonders done
By those who fought, through obstacles profound,
For that blest peace now famed the world around.
—JOEL BENTON.



TESTING THE IVES POOL BILL—JUDGES ARRESTED AT THE BROOKLYN HANDICAP, MAY 15



SOME SCENES FROM "GUDGEONS," PERFORMING AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE, NEW YORK.



WHAT TO WEAR.

It was a wise man who, when his women-folk were ill—or thought they were, which amounts to the same thing—and besought him to send them a physician, would order to be sent to them instead a new gown, bonnet or trinket. The result was usually satisfactory, and the good man was happy in the knowledge that his substance had not been wasted on strangers. There is no gainsaying the value as an anæsthetic, tonic, stimulant, and, in general, as a "pick-me-up," to a very woman of a becoming bit of finery. If any male reader, deigning to cast his eyes on the woman's page, doubts the efficacy of the prescription, let him, at least, give it a trial before scolding it. *Experientia docet*. The accompanying illustrations represent the pleasing forms which a soothing anodyne of the description I advocate may assume.

A cream lace hat is the *ne plus ultra* of lightness, coolness and becomingness in

dainty summer head-gear. The charming one shown above is mounted on gold wire, and edged with a narrow brim of black fancy straw. Black feathers wave gracefully over the crown, revealing and half concealing some bright little clusters of pink geraniums. That aristocratic-looking Tuscan hat has a black chip crown. The broad brim is yellow, and a bunch of yellow roses and an osprey show effectively against the black. Rosettes of black velvet ribbon, with erect ends, stand at one side. It is often difficult to make a veil set properly over a large hat. A new style of veil, designed to overcome this obstacle, is of net, with ribbons run through the top and bottom, which can be gathered as wished and tied at the back.

Eminently suggestive of the old Pompadour style is the French evening gown sketched above. It is a Paris model, carried out in one of the new chiné silks, draped into paniers on either hip, plentifully trimmed with lace, and showing a lace petticoat at one side. The bodice is

extremely pointed, both back and front. A lace *berthe* outlines the *décolletage*, lace frills fall over the puffed sleeves, and a spray of roses is set on either shoulder.

Hitherto each new spring season brought its one predominant style of sailor hat, but this year quite a variety are shown. Some have very high crowns and narrow brims; others have low crowns and wide brims; others, again, show brims slightly curled at the edge. A decided novelty is a white linen hat, than which nothing could be daintier or more suitable for the country or the seaside. An idea of the shape can be gained from the illustration. They can also be had in duck. The other day I saw a most delightful assortment of feminine accessories made up in white duck, or canvas, finished with fawn or tan leather and silver. Card-cases, blotting-books, belts, satchels and purses were among the number. I loved them very dearly, and longed to possess one of each.

A smart little trimmed sailor hat is less trying to some faces than a plain one.

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HEALTHFUL Dress
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Best for Health,
Economy and Beauty.
Burdens at front instead of CLASPS.
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Hose Supporters.
Tape-fastened Buttons—
won't pull off.
Cord-edge Button Holes,
won't wear out.
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All shapes. Full or
slim busts.
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Rosettes of shot moire ribbon constitute the trimming of the one in the illustration. A pretty summer cape, which looks like lace at first sight, is of pigeon-tinted gros de Suez, with an appliqué of écaré embroidery on muslin. It is quite thin, being unlined, the edges are pinked out, and the neck is fastened with a turquoise-blue velvet bow.

The pretty English evening-gown is made of yellow poulx de soie, the skirt set into two box plaits in the front, and buttoned with cut steel. The bodice is all of chiffon and fine cream-colored lace, while straight across the bust and passed under the arms is a band of pale-yellow cloth, elaborately embroidered with steel beads.

The faithful blouse is still with us in a multitude of shapes and stuffs. The first one in the group is made of striped cotton crepon, in a wide variety of delicate colorings, and is daintily trimmed with tinted Valenciennes lace. It is arranged to be worn with or without the basque.

The centre figure shows a very becoming silk bodice suitable for day or evening wear, according as it is made in light or dark material. The shape is altogether novel; the trimming consists of black ribbon velvet and pretty insertions formed of fine tucks.

The last is a handsome theatre or dinner bodice, made in bengaline silk of a good quality, in pretty shades of pink, turquoise-blue, maize, and in the always useful black. Insertions of lace outline the novel yoke very effectively. The same design can be successfully carried out in printed cambric.

Here are a few hints of novelties before I close: *Fraise-blanche*, or white raspberry, is the name of a new color closely resembling the pinkish-green of that delicious fruit. Pigskin shoes, in a delightful shade of cream-color, are to be worn with light summer gowns. In the trousseau of the Princess Victoria were noticed some pale pink handkerchiefs, trimmed with fine black lace. They had needs be, as, of course, they were, of princely quality, to be acceptable. Colored handkerchiefs, unless of the daintiest and most expensive varieties, are hopelessly vulgar.

Gwendolen Gay

THE AUTOGRAPHS OF THE ENGLISH STUARTS.

THOSE who believe in handwriting as an index to character may have their faith strengthened by noting the crabbed, characterless performance of the first James—the one Stuart who lacked the Stuart charm, the gift of winning love. The "wisest fool in Christendom," always puffed up with inordinate self-conceit, was even more pleased with himself than usual when he wrote the letter whose pious ending we here transcribe. His shrewd discovery of the Gunpowder Plot caused him to regard everything connected with the trial of the conspirators as peculiarly his business. So we find him giving the commissioners appointed to try Guy Fawkes the most minute directions, both as to the questions to be put to him and the means to be used should he fail to answer. "If he will not confesse," writes the King, "the gentler tortours are to be first used unto him, et sic per gradus ad ima tenditur, and so God speede your good worke." The spelling of James's English—even allowing for the time in which he lived—is so indifferent as to suggest that his tutor, the famous George Buchanan, had thought the vernacular unworthy of his royal pupil. The latter, as we all know, was fond of dropping into Latin; in this case, let us hope he had the grace to be ashamed to put his cruel orders into English.

The reign of James I.—a transition time in so many respects—saw, among more important changes, the substitution of the modern running hand for the stiffer medieval style. Many of Elizabeth's productions, if given illuminated capitals and margins, would vie with the best work of the monasteries. The writing of Charles I., as prince, follows that of Elizabeth in style, though not nearly so good; but by the time he became king, he had adopted the modern form. Many

PLAYING CARDS.

You can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards by sending fifteen cents in postage to P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

of his letters are preserved in the English archives, and, were all other history destroyed, we could reconstruct his character from them—proud and arbitrary to his counselors, affectionate to his queen and family, humble and devout toward God.

The signature of Charles's queen, Henrietta Maria, given here, is attached to a scrawl more suggestive of a kitchen-maid than a royal lady. The matter, however, is to the point. It is addressed to her son, afterward Charles II., who, with characteristic distaste for disagreeable things, had refused to "take phisike." "I hope,"

MISS ROMOLA TYNTE.

DO you know Miss Romola Tynthe? If so, you have the acquaintance of the most interesting of gentlewomen.

Miss Tynthe is an English girl, born in Devonshire, and the daughter of a well-known vicar, a gentleman of the old school.

When a small child Romola was deeply religious. From her little bed she would arise, kneel down and pray, saying these words: "I love my father to adoration, but I should love God more."

The Autographs of the English STUARTS.

So good friends your good words.

James II. your most affectionate Sister Anne

III. - Anne Hyde, 2nd Wife of James II.

I. James I.

2nd Lady Mary 2nd

York

in all with god be thanked in my neighbor has been weeded with greater facility, then i could have hoped for. W.H.

III. - Mary of Modena, 2nd Wife of James II.

II. Charles I. as Duke of York and Albany.

Treasure! Now I begin to see some good effects of your labor, yet, it is but a beginning, for if you are faithful in so much as good and (I mean of things which I see as to be pulled out of head) all this is just, is worth the labor is nothing.

III. Charles I. as King

your affectionate brother

IV. Henrietta Maria, Duchess of Charles I.

your loving friend

Charles II.

V. Charles II.

Sua mihi felicitas et sua

Catherina R.

VI. - Catherina, second of Charles II.

James II.

VII. - James II.

XIII. Early Writing of Charles II.

Windsor Aug: 25: 1675.

I have received yours of the 27: by which I am very glad to find you do agree, to what I proposed to you, concerning the E. of Pembroke

XIV. Writing of James II.

A comparison of Nos. XIII. & XIV. shows the complete change of style which took place during the Stuart reigns.

writes the Queen, "it was onlie for this day, and that, to-morrow, you will do it; for if you will not, I most come to you and make you take it, for it is for your health." The prince who refused "phisike" wrote just the sort of hand we would expect—free and easy, like his life.

James II. was a good penman, a voluminous writer, and an extremely sensible one—especially when he touched on military matters. The letter quoted is addressed to the Prince of Orange, afterward William III.—"the king who dethroned his father-in-law and drank schnaps."

I have not before me the autographs of James's daughters, the unlaid pair over whose treachery the king made more lamentation than over the loss of his kingdom. The handwritings of his queens, Anne Hyde and Mary of Modena, show as great a contrast as do their characters.

We have the signatures of James's son, the "Old Pretender," or "James III." (as he was variously known to Whig and Tory); of Charles Edward—the "Young Pretender," or "Charles III."—and of Henry, Cardinal of York, the last of the Stuarts. The most graceful autograph of all is that of Charles Edward—the "Bonnie Prince Charlie" of Scottish song and story, the well-beloved, the unforgotten.

In the chapel of Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh, restored by Charles I., is graven this proud legend, chosen by himself: "He shall build one house to My name, and I will establish the throne of his kingdom forever." One reads the prophecy with dawning realization of what earthly greatness means, remembering how it was fulfilled: the block for Charles, exile for his family, Culloden for their friends.

So passes the glory of the world!

A. M. MACLEOD.

Now, it seems the good vicar and his daughter had many heated arguments on the great cause, and so energetic was Romola in her utterances, so steadfast in her belief, that, as a punishment, she was forbidden to discuss, or even to think of religion, until she grew older.

Mr. Potter—for such is Miss Tynthe's father's last name—is a conservative Episcopalian, a clergyman noted for his famous speeches and his ability as an Irish orator.

For years he has been opposed to Gladstone, and has written innumerable pamphlets against the "Grand Old Man." For good Mr. Potter belongs to that school where stern governing in his parish and family are all alike. It is the law laid down pure and simple.

In the vicar's intellectual work, which has been untiring, the defense of the Church and the State has been boldly and unflinchingly his hobby. Particularly at the time of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. For it was then that he gave his best orations, and people far and wide came to hear him.

When Miss Tynthe lived in London her mornings were generally spent in the Library of the British Museum. But at this time a romantic incident occurred, which influenced her conduct in a way that, from her standpoint, was considered right. Her father was most anxious she should marry the son of Sir Nathaniel Staples. Miss Tynthe, not being able to see the advantages of this offered marriage, refused; while her father, greatly incensed that his wishes should be thwarted, made for his child a home so uncomfortable that Miss Tynthe left the parental roof to shift for herself. Not that she had ceased to love her father, but she felt a time had come when she should assert herself as a woman.

A series of readings was arranged for her by Lady Wilde, her cousin, who encouraged her in the good work. So much success was gained by this undertaking that Miss Romola Tynthe became the fashion. Her dresses were copied, the manner of wearing the hair; and it was even suspected that the great Oscar Wilde, her cousin german, aided and abetted her in her original dressing, while, in reality, all her gowns were designed and made by the nimble fingers of this delightful girl. There were First Empire gowns, plush cloaks of a tint unrivaled in color; hats which, although treated in the Gainsborough style, yet were full of original method, and were suited only to the sad face of Romola Tynthe.

Artists far and wide painted her face and figure. She was, indeed, the wonderful Romola.

Mr. Edward Poynter painted her for the head of Christ for the dome of St. Paul's Church, London. Edmund Long made her the Martyr in his glorious picture of Diana, or Christ. Then Sant, R.A., as "Lesbia"; while for Mr. Lopham she posed as the "Romola" of George Eliot.

To her friends, she was an enigma. Would she be a clever actress, an able writer, or a charming reader?

With all these peculiar individualities, Miss Tynthe is a strong advocate of woman's rights. At a breakfast given at St. James's Hall, by the Honorable Auberon Herbert—who is the editor of *Free Life*, that individual paper—the question of voluntary taxation was widely discussed by all the able English thinkers. Miss Tynthe was asked to give the woman's side of the question, and, lo and behold! she made a hit. So full and profound were her arguments that, the next day, she was declared the heroine of the occasion, the papers declaring she had "touched the matter with the point of the needle."

Shortly afterward Miss Tynthe made a tour in India, where she became the guest of Lady Elliott, the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, a lady whose beauty and charm of manner is a by-word everywhere.

Miss Tynthe gave readings in Calcutta and Bombay, and was chaperoned by Lady West.

This clever girl is an associate of the Society of Authors, in London, her name being proposed by Mr. Walter Besant.

At the great open-air play, "The Faithful Shepherdess," of which Lady Campbell was the prime mover, so well did Romola act her part that, as a compliment, she was invited to meet the Princess Louise.

In personality, Miss Tynthe is unlike every one else. Her face is full of intellectual sympathies, with a charm of manner and a voice so liquid in tones that she is, indeed, "a rare woman among women."

Her repertoire is generally pathetic. Yet at all times the humorous side asserts itself. Her literary work is her greatest comfort, the art of expression her best friend. Her powers of entertaining are very great, and with all her world-wide knowledge she has the gentleness of a child. (See page 12.)

A Few Ladies

wanted who can keep a secret. \$5 to \$10 a day can be made easily and honorably at home. Address Lady Manager, Egyptian Drug Co., 30 Park Row, New York.

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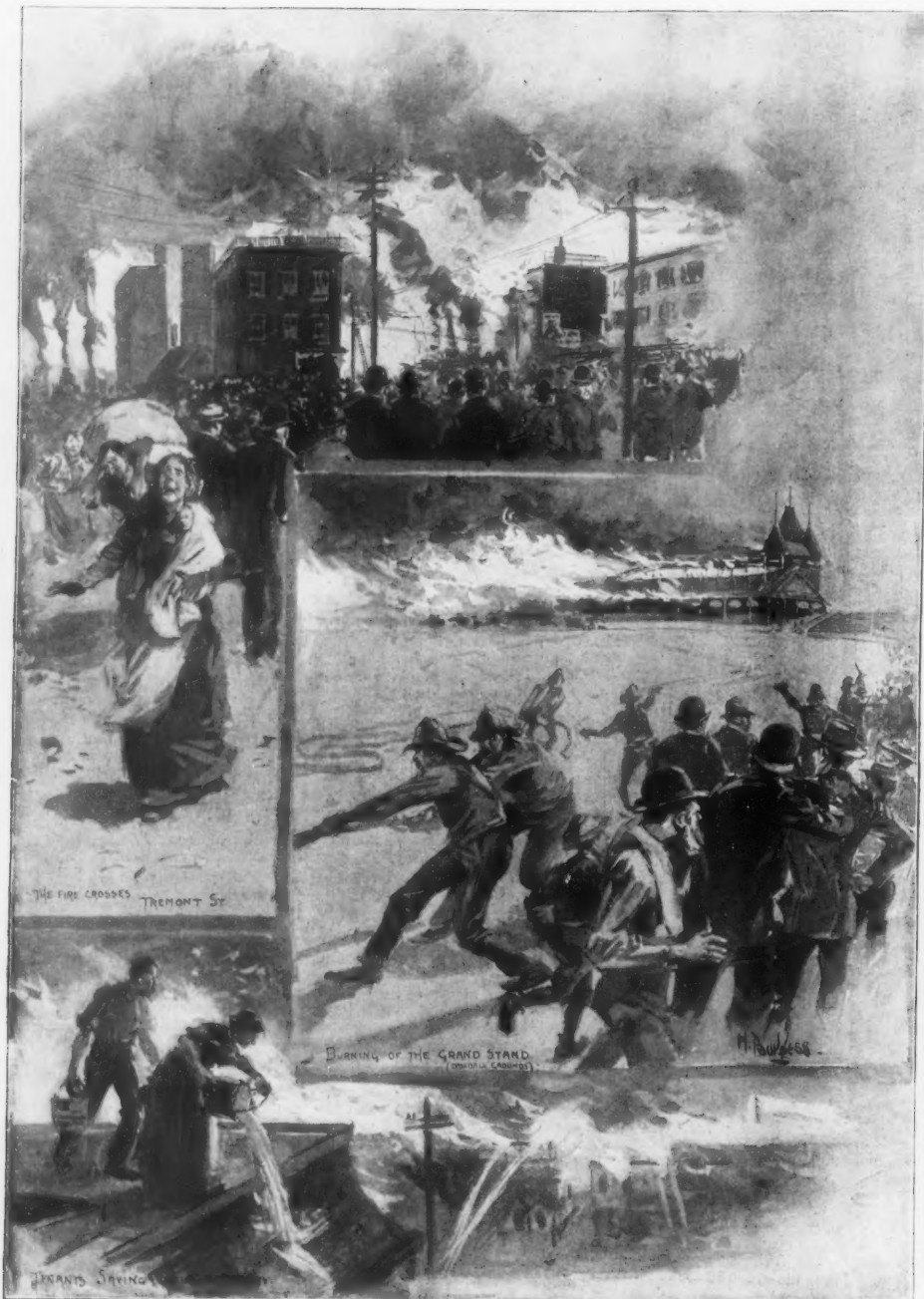
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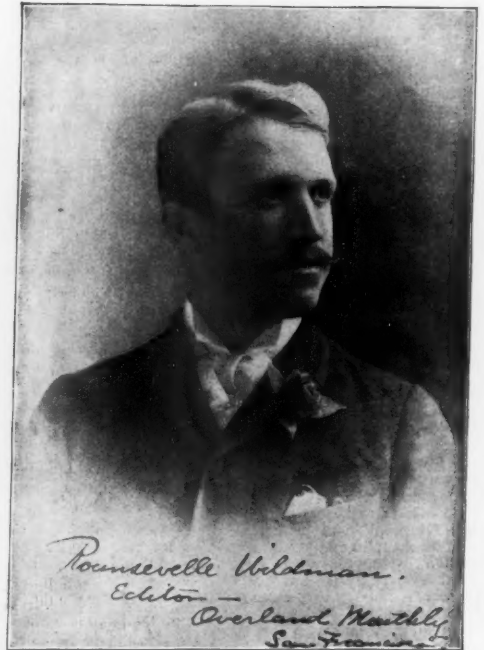
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BOSTON'S GREAT FIRE OF MAY 15—BURNING OF THE GRAND STAND ON THE BALL GROUNDS.



MR. WILDMAN, present editor of the *Overland Monthly*, was formerly United States Consul at Singapore, and at Barmen, Germany. He is well known as a contributor to many of the weekly literary papers, and enjoys a very good reputation. Some of the articles recently published in the *Overland* have attracted very wide notice, especially those of Lieutenant Winn on the Nicaragua Canal.



If you see it in the *Sun*, it's so—so apt to be sometimes wrong. The *Sun*, for instance, in its issue of the 18th inst., in an account of a female suffragists meeting, headed "Not One Anti-Argument," the following paragraph appeared, describing one of the speakers:

"Miss Romola Tynte is a benevolent-looking English woman of about sixty years, with very pronounced views as to what American women should do to emancipate themselves. She is a woman of striking appearance, in spite of her age, and last night she wore a terra-cotta plush garment of the Mother Hubbard pattern, which was by far the most splendid gown in the room. She said she thought American women were more prepared for suffrage than English women, on account of the greater liberty they enjoy in their early training."

As a matter of fact, Miss Romola Tynte is a charming young woman on this side of thirty, and not "in spite of her age," but *because* she has just reached the most attractive phase of womanhood, Miss Tynte is "a woman of striking appearance," admired and sought by all who meet her. On another page a true and veracious sketch of Miss Tynte's life will be found. The above portrait is from a photograph taken a few years ago, which will serve to show that our morning contemporary was for once, at least, very wide of the truth.

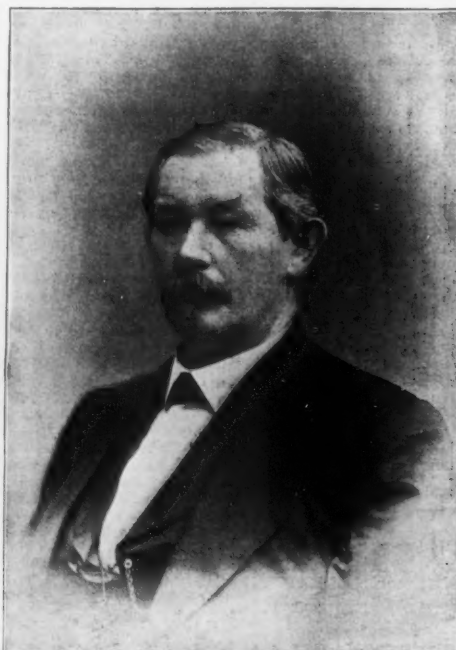
A BRITISH VIRTUE.

Bond—"It's an infernal shame the way some Englishmen abuse their wives!"

Anglo Saxe—"Ya-as; but, then, the deah fellahs nevah would be so wude as to abuse anothah man's wife, y' know."



JAMES H. KYLE, OF SOUTH DAKOTA.



EPPA HUNTON, OF VIRGINIA.

TWO SENATORS THAT COULD NOT BE BRIBED.



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Before we take leave of this interesting subject we must announce that, for the convenience of many of our patrons, who have decided to read the novels in spite of the hard times, a special annual subscription of \$2.50 has been decided on for ONCE A WEEK Library; and all that such of our patrons as have made this change need to do is to keep up the monthly payment of fifty cents, until the \$2.50 has been paid in full.

STRAWBERRIES.

STRAWBERRIES, luscious, ripe and red,
Are in the meadow growing;
Above them bends a maiden's head,
The breeze her tresses blowing;
With nimble fingers, white and small,
She culls the crimson treasures,
And listens to the blackbird's call,
Sharp trills and merry measures.

Strawberries, luscious, ripe and red,
Her pall now overflowing;
Above them still she bends her head,
Nor heeds the breezes blowing,
For by her side a lover bold
Her gentle hand is holding,
The while he tells love's story old,
How long to her unfading

Love's tale, as always told,
Through street to her the music's call
And summer's crimson treasures,
The young, as always told,
Love's tale, as always told,
—RUTH HAYMON.



AMONG all religious orders in the Catholic Church it is a rule that each member belonging to them shall make a yearly retreat—that is to say, he or she must spend a period of from four to eight days in retirement, relinquishing all ordinary duties to devote the time exclusively to prayer, meditation on religious subjects, and a strict examination of conscience. The retreat is usually conducted by an experienced priest, who lays out the programme to be followed, and delivers short sermons or instructions at regular intervals. Usually whole communities go into retreat at once during the summer vacation. When this occurs, a rule of strict silence is observed throughout the appointed time, no words being spoken except such as are absolutely necessary. Private retreats may, however, be made by individual priests or nuns at any time of the year. To facilitate this purpose various places of retreat have been set apart by religious orders. They are generally situated outside the city limits, and designed with a view of affording rest, relaxation and change to the body as well as mind, by combining with their seclusion the charms of natural scenery and tasteful surroundings and the advantages of pure air and the freedom of out-door life.

One of these retreats, which has become well known, because it is open not only to ecclesiastics, but equally to members of the laity, is situated on Keyser Island, just off South Norwalk, Conn., at the mouth of the Norwalk River. The property now belongs to the Jesuits, who purchased it from its former owner, Mr. John H. Keyser, after whom the island was named. Hereafter it will be known as Manresa, after a famous Jesuit house in Spain, where St. Ignatius, the founder of the order, gave his first retreat.

No more favorable location could have been selected for a new Manresa than Keyser Island. Originally a barren waste of land, accessible only by small boats, or, at low tide, by crossing the salt marshes dividing it from the mainland, the spot was gradually converted by its late owner into a little paradise of verdure and productivity. A substantial roadway was built between it and the mainland, with a stout sea-wall on either side. Thus it is practically a peninsula, though still called the island. Mr. Keyser built a suitable summer residence on the most favorable site it contained, and had the grounds tastefully laid out by landscape-gardeners. An extensive orchard was planted, rockeries built, and ferns and flowering shrubs lent a pleasing diversity to the surroundings.

A beautifully kept lawn stretched away from the house to the beach, a sparkling fountain played in the sunlight, and a broad driveway skirted the shores of the island between the ample shade-trees on one side and the blue waters of the Sound on the other.

A SIGN OF BETTER TIMES.

When everybody is hoping for the return of better times, each straw that shows the wind to be blowing from that quarter, is worthy of special notice. There is no barometer so reliable as the demand for goods. Nobody buys stock for fun or for appearances.

Our advertisers, The Charles E. Hires Company, of Philadelphia, transact business over a very wide field, dealing in every city, town, village and cross-roads in the country. They report that the sales of Hires' Rootbeer so far this season are very much in excess of the same period last year. When it is remembered that their annual sales have before this reached the enormous total of 2,880,278 packages, which equals more than a gallon for every family in the country, it would seem at first thought that there is little room for further growth. Thirst for it, however, seems to be universal, as this year's report shows a very large gain, indicating that ere long the person who does not drink Hires' Rootbeer will be somewhat of a curiosity.

No temperance beverage has ever anywhere nearly approached Hires' Rootbeer in popularity. Its wonderful success can be accounted for only on the ground that it is just what the manufacturers claim—an honest extract of nature's most healthful roots, which slakes thirst, improves health, and pleases every member of the family. Its remarkable sale certainly proves that millions enjoy Hires' Rootbeer.

In every respect the place was exactly suitable for the requirements of the Jesuits, and when Mr. Keyser, through financial difficulties, was forced to part with the property he had made so valuable, he found a ready purchaser in the Father Rector.

Keyser Island, or Manresa, is not now so luxuriously kept as in the time of its first owner, as the Jesuits cannot afford to lay out money on mere details of decoration. But the charm of its situation must always remain, and it is a treat as well as a retreat for any work-weary and sin-weary man of the world to retire to its picturesque seclusion for a brief term of rest and mental and spiritual repair.

Here in quiet devotion, surrounded by the sweet influences of Nature, aided by the kindly counsel and guidance of venerable and saintly men, he may find recuperation of body and mind. The simple routine of life is, to the man of affairs, a delightful change from the ordinary pressure of business, the calm and peaceful life a grateful contrast to the hurry and worry of the city.

He is able to view his every-day existence as it were, from the outside, and many problems that perplexed him are made clear, many that assailed him are revealed in their true light. It may be that on the quiet little island are fought between Conscience and the world. Many who go there doubtless carry with them trouble, brooding over some projected scheme for some revenge, bowed down with some old sin. These are the secrets of the past which none will ever know, but which are not difficult to imagine, since we are all alike prone to evil, all clogged with some past misdoings which haunt us in meditative moods. It is a wise provision which has thus been made for the spiritual needs of ordinary men, who would otherwise be left to wrestle with their difficulties in the crowded arena of business, or amid the engrossing cares of family life. These few days of retirement mean salvation to many. They should really be made a necessity to all. The tendency of modern life is to keep one away from one's self, and though too much introspection is bad, none at all is worse.

The plan which the Jesuits of Manresa offer to laymen, in the shape of an occasional retreat, is, therefore, highly commendable, and those of their faith to whom the advantages of this little island are easily accessible are to be congratulated on the thoughtful provision made for their spiritual needs.



The Pavilion of Manresa Island.

MY EPHEMERAL BRIDE.

(Translated from the French of J. H. Rosny by T. S. Dayton.)

MY first marriage, said Jacques Ferveuse, was of but a few hours' duration, and did not break my betrothal to her who afterward became my true wife. It was, nevertheless, a legal wedding, and, without doubt, the best action of my life. I have pardoned myself for many faults on account of the happiness that I gave to her who was my bride for a day.

At the time of which I speak I used sometimes to dictate notes on a philosophical work to an old copyist, who lived in the Rue de l'Estrapade. He was one of the best men in the world, but had been brought to poverty by an unusual series of misfortunes, which he had a weakness for recounting to all comers. I used to listen to him willingly, for his voice was charming and his words well-chosen. While he spoke, his daughter, a timid blonde, would sit near us copying papers. I found her alone two or three times, and could not help remarking that she seemed greatly agitated in my presence. As she was quite pretty, and I saw a look of infinite tenderness in her beautiful eyes when they met mine, I felt some vague inclination toward her; but I quickly stifled it. Yet I often spoke kindly to her that she might see I did not think her displeasing. My gentle words impressed a soul so profound that I would have shrunk back affrighted could I have guessed its depths.

We had known each other for some time when I was suddenly called away from the city, and during my absence I fell in love and became betrothed. The very morning of my return to Paris some one knocked at my door, and my poor old copyist entered. His thin figure was yet more meagre, his face pale, his temples hollow and his eyes red with weeping.

"Sir," said he, "I trust you will excuse my coming thus; but you have always been so good—my daughter—she—I fear she is about to die."

"Indeed!" I responded, with more politeness than emotion.

"She is at the hospital, sir. I have come to ask you—to say to you—"

He interrupted himself, stammering, incoherent, his eyes full of entreaty, and said, abruptly, without further prelude:

"My daughter loves you! Before her approaching death I believed you might be able—"

And without giving me time to recover from this strange declaration he commenced a story of love, which, though prolix, was so strange and pathetic that, when he ended, my eyes were wet with tears.

"Will you see her? It would make her so happy! She has but a few weeks to live."

Three-quarters of an hour later I was at the young girl's bedside. Her face shone with that ineffable beauty with which coming death sometimes transfigures the features of the young. At seeing me, her great dark eyes lighted up with a joy that touched me to the heart.

Almost at once she guessed that her father had revealed her girlish secret, and she commenced to tell

me the sad, sweet story of her love; the pathetic romance of a poor little maiden resigned to death—a tale of infinite tenderness: how first she had known she loved me, then her fear that her love was not returned, then her illness and her wish to die.

For an hour she talked thus, her blonde head lying upon the snow-white pillow, her beautiful eyes gazing into mine. Finally she asked, in a trembling voice:

"And you . . . did you ever . . . ever?"

What should I say? Should I play the cruel executioner by telling the truth, or mercifully console her with a lie? Pity moved me:

"I! I have loved you long!"

"Is it true?"

"It is true, indeed."

A look of joy, such as I will never see again in this world—the joy of the despairing—overspread her face, and in that moment, if I loved her not, there was something very sweet in my soul—an atom of that boundless compassion which is the closest kin to love.

II.

I KNOW not what led her, during the following days, to doubt me; but, one afternoon, she asked:

"But will you ever marry me?"

I swore to her that I would. She smiled up at me with adoration. She prayed aloud, thanking God for His great goodness. One day I was so moved by the depth of her love for me that I wished to give her yet more happiness: it would cost me so little. Alas! was she not irremediably condemned?

"I am going to publish the bans," I cried.

Her joy was almost terrible in its intensity. Her face shone with a marvelous splendor, and while she drew down my face to hers, while she laughed and cried in reciting to me in broken words the prayer of her love, while she spoke to me as fervent devotees to God, I felt that I had given to one human being the equivalent of a lifetime of happiness.

I will not tell you how I arranged to obtain the consent of my guardian. I did not ask that of my fiancée—I knew she would pardon me afterward. The bans were published, and I made all preparations for a regular marriage.

During the weeks which followed she lived in ecstasy. Her malady seemed relenting. A miraculous beauty seemed to shine about her like an aureole. She dazzled me; she filled my heart with a sad love, like that of mothers for frail, beautiful children who cannot live. I had her placed in a special room at the hospital, where she received the care of the best physicians, and had a Sister of Charity to watch over her night and day. I passed the greater part of my time with her. I could not satiate myself with that adoring gaze, with that beatitude which each word, each gesture of mine bestowed. How well I remember the twilight hours when I would sit beside her, watching her pale face blend harmoniously with the shadows, while she murmured to me her words of love like the verses of a song:

"Better than God! Better than the Virgin! Better than my life and the life of the universe!"

Thus time flowed by, and the wedding-day came. After the civil marriage they sat up an altar in her chamber and dressed her in rich bridal robes. She seemed to live in an atmosphere of perfect bliss. She was as beautiful as a day in springtime when it draws toward sunset and a misty glory rises over the hills and lakes, and the drowsy flowers droop their heads in sleep. She lived twenty years in that hour. I have but to close my eyes and I see her again. Her eyes were so large and bright that they seemed to efface her pale visage. A saintly smile played upon her lips. Her little hands were clasped as she listened to the voice of the priest. Our fingers joined, and she trembled when, at last, she pronounced the great "Yes;" for she put in it all her religion, all the force of her being. Then she sank back, her strength exhausted. But what delicious fatigue, what blissful weariness! Tenderly she whispered as she dreamed, and drew me near her lips. The murderous shadow of death crept rapidly onward. Her spirit wandered in the far-off land of twilight. I saw her cheeks grow leaden-hued, and her temples hollow. She felt not the approach of death; but continued to love, to be happy, to forget herself in her dream divine. Her head was pillowed on my arm, and I watched her dark eyes grow wider, wider yet. Her hair shone upon the pillow like a mesh of gold. The silken bridal robe enveloped her like a cloud.

The sun had set, and the daylight was fading, when she murmured:

"Thou lovest me, Jacques? Thou lovest the poor girl? Mon Dieu! We will live long. I feel that I cannot die. I cannot die now."

Her voice sounds as if she had turned back at the entrance of that mysterious land to call to me once more—it is like bells heard far off upon the sea. Her body grows cold in its rich winding-sheet, but she no longer suffers. She repeats:

"I cannot die!"

A vague smile hovers over her face, which always wears that look of infinite love, of happiness without a shadow. My heart is still. At that moment I am all that loves in the world: I am a mother, a father, a lover. She murmurs again:

"I love thee. . . . We will live in the country . . . the violets. . . ."

Her lips part with a smile of ineffable joy, and she is at rest forever.

It is evening, and I gaze through the gathering shadows at the outline of the slender figure in its bridal robe. My sorrow is as profound as it is sweet; for I feel that much will be pardoned me because I have soothed one poor, loving, little heart, and sweetened with happiness the bitter cup of Death.

Doris—"And so you are really going to marry that widow, after all? And I hear you are going to give up smoking!"

Dumper—"Yes; she gives up her weeds, and I give up mine."

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do not remember to have in an English or American paper, a novelist—that is, if you can call a man a novelist who spends a week or two over a sentence; but popularity, thus far, has not annoyed him. Were it possible to sum up his work in a phrase, I should say that he is the one writer of all others who has never produced a commonplace line. To this he joins the rare gift of adjective. He has a more than Hugoesque ability for planting them here and there and leaving them to explode like bombs before your eyes. His art is very careful. There are a thousand ways of saying any given thing; there is only one which is exact. Hüysman always finds it. It is in that his charm resides. You feel not only that what he says could not be better said, but that no one has said anything like it before. Some day he will die, and then not the Government clerk, but a national glory will be saluted and acclaimed.
EDGAR SALTUS.

is the roof of your cathedral, and tall pillars, and place the ship on these; then construct the sides to make aisles. In this way Bourges Cathedral was built.—Queen, May 12.

FITS CURED

(From U. S. Journal of Medicine.)
Prof. W. H. Peeke, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cases of 20 years' standing cured by him. He publishes a valuable work on this disease which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferer who may send their P.O. and Express address. We advise anyone wishing a cure to address, Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

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A MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

How many copies of ONCE A WEEK would be required to encircle the earth at the Equator, the sheets being separated and laid side by side?

To the first subscriber who sends in a correct answer to the above problem on or after (but not before) June 23, we will send as a prize a finely bound copy of "Capitals of the Globe."

ANOTHER victory for women. The New York Yacht Club is not going to drop behind the age. Among certain important amendments to its constitution, approved at the third general meeting of the club, on Thursday evening, the 17th inst., was an addition to Article 6, proclaiming the eligibility to flag membership of any woman owning a yacht. This provision is the result of an application made last December by Mrs. Lucy C. Carnegie for membership in the club. Since the change was ratified Mrs. Carnegie has been elected a flag member, and therefore has the right to fly the club burgee, to have private signal registered with the secretary, to enter her yacht in club races, and to use club stations and floats. Mrs. Carnegie is the owner of the new steam-yacht *Dungeness*.

The custom of sealing letters has come into fashion again. In England it is always imperative to seal letters addressed to royalties, and the fashion is filtering down. A society woman does not feel flattered now unless her correspondents take the trouble of impressing their letters to her with their personal mark in wax.

A DRESS ALBUM is a fancy carried out by young ladies of a sentimental turn. It consists of a large scrap-book, in which are pasted scraps of all the frocks they have ever worn, with the date and occasion of each one's first appearance written underneath. Some of these collections are very interesting, and form a significant record of the tastes and extravagances of the owner.

A SUCCESSFUL charity kermesse was given on the 17th inst. for the benefit of the "Dames de la Retraite," at Oak-Lawn-on-the-Hudson, the home of Mrs. R. J. Hoguet. In addition to a concert held in the billiard-room, in which some leading local artists kindly took part, a variety of entertainment was provided by such features as a Wheel of Fortune, "Surprise packages," a Russian tea booth, flower booth, ice cream and lemonade tables. The hostess was assisted by many charming young ladies, and their united efforts were rewarded by a large and fashionable attendance.

VERY MUCH ALIKE.

The Husband—"Oh, give me a rest! You remind me of a parrot."
The Wife—"Why? Because I talk so much, I suppose!"
The Husband—"Not at all; because you never know what you are talking about."

TRUTH TRIUMPHANT.

Mrs. Gadders—"What do you think of my new onyx clock?"
Visitor—"Beautiful. Is it an alarm-clock?"
Willie Gadders—"Yes."
Mrs. Gadders—"Willie, Willie! How dare you tell such an untruth?"
Willie Gadders—"Well, if you had seen how it alarmed Pa when he got the bill you would say it was."

WHERE TO FIND GAME.

Where to find game is oftentimes a perplexing question. The sportsman who strikes a good spot generally keeps the information as close as possible, in order to enjoy exclusive privileges.

Along the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in Virginia and West Virginia, such places are numerous, and it is remarkable how little they are known. The mountain streams abound in gamey fish. The South Branch of the Potomac is considered the best black bass fishing stream in America; the Cheat, Youghiogheny, Potomac and Monongahela Rivers are all excellent fishing streams. The hills and valleys adjacent are fairly alive with game—partridge, wild turkey, grouse, pheasant, wild pigeon, quail, rabbit and squirrel are plentiful, and in the back country thirty or forty miles from the railroad, deer and bear can be found.

Good hotels are convenient, and horses and guides can be secured at reasonable rates. For circular showing fishing and gunning resorts reached by the B. & O. R. R. address Chas. O. Scull, Gen'l Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.

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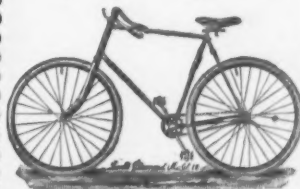
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